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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Our instinct is that the war will be decided in the West. The arguments that it is to be decided in the Balkans are attractive: something of the glamour of the East is about them. But when the German armies—huge armies still, running into millions, strong and equipped, though faltering, we believe, in their confidence—are shaken out of France and Belgium, then the war will be decided; and not till then. All who have this instinct have, therefore, been again profoundly interested in the fresh assaults and successes of the Allied forces on the Somme this week. These have been again substantial, the French capturing the village of Bouchavesnes, south-east of Combles, which is now virtually isolated. The German official reports prefer the term "entering" to "capturing" in regard to this feat of French arms. They were a little more gracious towards the British feat of last Saturday, conceding that Ginchy had "fallen into the enemy's hands". The nice choice of words with which the side getting the worst of it describes the feats of the side getting the better of it is worth noticing. Roget's "Thesaurus" is a book which should be in the library of General von Hindenburg.

The fighting in this rush of the French to drive in a wedge between Combles and Péronne clearly was of a primeval fierceness. "They lashed together for life and death." But the whole of this district on the Somme, French front and British, has become a Hohenlinden of intensity, only a Hohenlinden on a far vaster scale than that one in which "fiery Frank and furious Hun" engaged. Bouchavesnes, Bois l'Abbé, Ginchy, Guillemont, Longueval, Hardecourt, Leuze Wood—and half a dozen other tortured and blasted woods thereabouts—form one great battle-field, against which some of the most famous and conclusive struggles of our history, and French and German histories too, seem no more than reconnaissances in force. But the truth is that we do not, and cannot, really grasp these facts on this side.

In the region of Bukovina during the week the Russians have made notable advance. General Brusiloff has captured the important peak of Mount Kapul, and is co-operating with our latest Allies. Roumania has received a set-back at Tutrakan, which was attacked by an overmastering force of Turks, Bulgarians, and Germans, and in the Dobrudja district also, where the fighting continues incessantly and the enemy claim successes, though their navigation of the Danube is interrupted. These are at present minor operations in comparison with the campaign in Transylvania. Here the Austrians are retreating without attempting any resistance, and the Roumanians, steadily advancing, have concentrated strong forces on the Upper Maros River, the Alt, and in the Gyergyó and Czík valleys. General Averesco, who began the invasion of Transylvania, has been transferred to the Dobrudja front, and his place has been taken by General Crainiceano. Both are former Ministers of War and accomplished soldiers.

On the Macedonian front, as elsewhere, the week's story is one of satisfactory advance. The troops from Salonika crossed the Struma early in the week, and by this time are busy both on this front and in the region of Doiran, where the enemy's pressure from the east is being arrested. As for the position of affairs in the Ostrovo sector, it continues to be very favourable to the Serbians, whose advance guards have reached the first slopes of the Malkanidze. A height west of Hill 1,500 has been captured after a very stiff combat.

The position of Greece remains uncertain. During the week M. Zaimis has given up the Premiership and insisted on his resignation on the ground that he is not qualified to retain his leadership in view of the change in the political situation. M. Dimitrakopoulos agreed to form a Cabinet, but his declaration of policy was delayed, and later he found himself unequal to the situation. Greece seems to have got into a muddle which is not tempting to any politician.

The war has many notable features, but none more so than the astonishing valour and resolution of our soldiers. The twenty V.C.'s announced on Monday—alas! eight of them belong to the glorious dead—show a standard of heroism which has never been surpassed. Such devotion as that of Private McFadzean, who threw himself on the top of some loose bombs to save a trench crowded with men, and was blown to pieces, but saved all the lives of his comrades, exceeds all that was ever told in high-hearted story or fantastic romance. This soldier was a bomber; he knew all that his act meant for him, and he did not hesitate for a moment. Private Miller, told to take an important message and bring back a reply at all costs, went into the open under heavy shell and rifle fire, was shot almost immediately, compressed with his hand the gaping wound, delivered his message, staggered back with the answer, and fell at the feet of the officer to whom he delivered it.

"Who says the race is dwindling down
That owns such lads as this?"

More than once we read of men in this list going out, in an ecstasy of devotion, to carry back the wounded to safety. Severe fire, full daylight, the prospect of certain death—nothing stops them. Private Faulds brought back an officer who was lying in the open between the two lines, unable to move, and who had already lost most of his men under very heavy fire. Two days later he went out again alone and brought back another wounded man, carrying him nearly half a mile to a dressing-station. The general opinion was that no one could attempt this feat and remain alive.

Major Loudoun-Shand, lately a hero, swift and sure, of the football field, showed supreme courage and resolution in an attack on a German trench. Progress was stopped by the fiercest of machine-gun fire. He immediately leapt on the parapet, helped his men over it, and spurred them on till he was mortally wounded. Then still he insisted on being propped up and went on encouraging them to fight till he died. Corporal Sanders, after an advance, found himself isolated with a party of thirty men. He organised his defences, and through his encouragement and leadership the position was held. The next morning he drove off an attack by the enemy and rescued some prisoners who had fallen into their hands. Later, two strong bombing attacks were beaten off, and when he was relieved his party had spent thirty-five hours without food or water, having given all their water on the first night to the wounded. When the relief was well established he brought back his party, nineteen men, to the trenches. Too much cannot be made of such men; yet, in the English way, they would shun all fuss and emotional display. They represent the spirit of an army which is unconquerable in daring and ever ready to "endure hardness". We think of the injunction of St. Paul to Timothy. These things should be committed "to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also".

Mr. Churchill made an uncommonly good and useful speech at Chelmsford on Saturday. We confess that we are growing a little tired of the unvarying stream of abuse which is poured on him both by friends of the Government and by foes of the Government. It is common form to abuse him when he speaks. It is supposed to be "the thing" to jeer at him; and there is, consequently, a sort of rush among all the people who want to be in the fashion to assault him for everything he does or says. How paltry this kind of crowd or herding habit is, and how absurdly those who engage in it advertise the fact that they are fearful or incapable of forming a judgment on their own account! It is quite likely that the chorus of condemnation which greets Mr. Churchill to-day will by this day next year be a chorus of adulation—all the

people who want to be in the fashion then hasting to proclaim that Mr. Churchill is a great patriot, the only patriot among "the politicians".

We have certainly never set Mr. Churchill up for a demi-god, and we have often had a lively difference of opinion with him on all sorts of subjects. But it is irritating and foolish to be constantly and unintelligently abusing him in a chorus that reminds one of nothing much more than a flock of offended guinea-fowl on a green. Do not abuse a man because all the others are doing it, and do not butter him up because all the others are buttering him up: this would make a good and simple direction to those who are anxious to take a part in public affairs either as critics or as men of action.

"But what about Antwerp and Gallipoli?" some of our friends who have Mr. Churchill on the brain may ask. As to Antwerp, presumably something had to be done to save the Belgian Army. As to Gallipoli, a Committee is inquiring. It was a tragic disaster. But before we hang, draw, and quarter those responsible for it, let us reach a clear and logical conclusion as to who they were. We have also to remember that the absolutely accepted theory of the Constitution makes one Cabinet Minister—and every Cabinet Minister—responsible for what his colleague does. Either this, or the Cabinet tradition and practice are a fraud, pure and simple. People who make terrible mistakes in Government should suffer, beyond a doubt; but the public is not entitled to pick and choose its victims according to whether or not they chance to be popular and in the vogue. The making of scapegoats, in Army, in Navy, or in politics is an odious habit. An attempt to make Mr. Churchill a scapegoat is too obvious just now. We will have nothing whatever to do with it.

A very interesting subject was touched on in the leading article in the "Times" of Wednesday—namely, the impossibility—when, in due time, the country is engaged in reconstruction after the war—of allowing the Parliament Act to remain in its present form. We shall need two Assemblies to tackle the great questions that will press directly the war is over—that will begin to press even before the settlement of Europe is complete. But at present we have only one to which any real authority has been left. It would be crass folly and blundering to raise old partisan disputes from the dead now, and it would be doing service only to the common enemy—Germany. Partisan disputes to-day are pro-German disputes. But presently a Second Chamber will have to be built up before we can achieve great reconstruction throughout the country. It is possible, surely, that the thing could be done on a non-partisan basis: a Second Chamber, for example, recruited largely from those who have done yeoman service in the war in various spheres is a stimulating idea, and suggests no party passion.

In the past the SATURDAY REVIEW has constantly been suspected and constantly accused of urging the cause of obligatory military service, which has now been adopted, for party purposes and to "smash labour". The suspicion and the accusation were alike utterly false. Even if one were base and mean enough to attempt to make party capital in this way out of a war for the life or death of the nation, it would be impossible, obviously, to make it out of obligatory military service. That is no vote catcher, at any rate. Moreover, far from labour being smashed by obligatory military service, it is bound to be strengthened by that principle. Is labour in Australia or New Zealand smashed by the principle? Is labour in France smashed by it? We should say it is distinctly not smashed. On the contrary, if we had been out to make party capital from the war, and to injure the reputation and future of labour, we should rather have made every attempt to prevent the adoption of the

principle, and have declared out and out against the two military service Bills. This fact is clear enough: the principle of this service has been adopted and applied, and the position of labour in this country is stronger than it has ever been, and its promise is greater.

A new series of war pictures, taken in France and Flanders, was shown for the first time in London on Monday last. They illustrate, for the most part, the work of our Indian troops, which was emphasised in an inspiring speech by Mr. Austen Chamberlain. He paid a tribute to the fine response that the Government, princes, and people of India had made to the call of the King-Emperor. Not on the battle-fields of France alone had the Indian troops distinguished themselves; they had played their part with credit to themselves and advantage to the Empire in East Africa, Mesopotamia, Gallipoli, Egypt. No one could think of Indian co-operation in the war without recalling our forces in Mesopotamia, mostly troops sent from India. Everyone had sympathised with their hardships, admired their heroism, shared their disappointments, but Mr. Chamberlain suggested that sometimes the Mesopotamian effort bulked too largely in the public view as the Indian contribution to the war. Great as it had been, it was but one of India's contributions to many undertakings and campaigns.

German East Africa, to use an expression which is no longer justified, was first made known to Europe by British explorers, and its early records are mainly those of Livingstone's travels and the first memorable years of the Universities' Mission. One of the first Bishops of Zanzibar had the great dream of civilising and Christianising all this country—a dream which vanished with the actuality of German occupation, but not before more than one Englishman was sleeping in a martyr's grave after too brief a period of labour.

Now that the last of the German colonies has fallen, it would be well if the Colonial Office were to issue a record of the administration, provisional or otherwise, which has been organised in these occupied territories during the past two years. Very little has been heard as yet on this topic, which, however, possesses a considerable and direct importance. It would incidentally show whether the German colonies are regarded officially as mere pawns in the game that will be useful at a future Peace Conference, or whether the Imperial Government considers them seriously as new possessions, whose development must be taken in hand.

Much as we dislike vulgar badinage about young "shirkers", conscientious objectors, and so forth—raucous music-hall raillery—it is, we think, unfair and absurd to blame the War Office because it is compelled, very much against its own inclinations, to "round up" young men who have not answered the call. This "rounding up", as it is styled, has been going on during the past week at railway stations and places of amusement; and the "Daily News" angrily accuses the Army of Zabernism in consequence. The accusation is most unjust: Zabernism is utterly unknown in our Army. The law of the land must be upheld, however, and the Army must have its recruits.

Not to "round up" the men who have changed their addresses—many innocently, we dare say, but some deliberately, to escape service—would be entirely unjust, moreover, to the men who have loyally and rightly come in, and are now in khaki. We hope this miserable business—which should not be exaggerated—will soon end. Military service in young men of fit physique is a noble obligation and a high privilege. That is what we have always felt and insisted since we first advocated its application during the war—

close on two years ago now—and we hate the duty to be defiled by squalid agitations and arguments.

We cannot take gravely the outcry raised in some quarters because the National Liberal Club has been commandeered for military purposes. Surely the very fact that the club is national should forbid any objection of the kind. It is actually urged that the step taken by the Government will be a deadly blow at the cause of Liberalism! We may next expect to hear that the Unionist Party is in a parlous condition to-day because the Carlton is closed for repairs or annual cleaning. Many people believe that Liberalism is in a delicate condition of health in these days; but it is not going to take its death of cold because it has to seek, temporarily, new headquarters. And, by the way, is Liberalism really as sick as alleged? It has the Prime Minister, the Foreign Secretary, the Minister of Munitions; and to-day no Tory dare say one word against any of them. Some of its young lions vow it has lost all its principles. Well, if it has, it has kept most of its posts—a pretty solid satisfaction in these very hard times.

The current number of "Blackwood" is not encouraging to educated women who propose to take up agricultural work; but we learn that the joint scheme of the Board of Trade and the Board of Agriculture for village registration is making substantial advance. There are already 1,000 district representatives, and 4,000 village registers, and 200 inspectors are touring the country and helping voluntary workers out of their difficulties. Women are engaged in forestry, tree felling, and cutting bracken for the bedding of horses. There is a great opening, we learn, for educated women who can secure the necessary training to instruct and control others, since the farmer does not like unskilled work. This is good news, for hitherto the educated woman has hardly had the chances which she deserves, and the employment of women has been mostly on jobs which require no special intelligence.

A reprint from the "British Journal of Surgery" of a paper on "Surgical Organisation in War", by Sir Alfred Keogh, traces the advance of recent years, analyses the success of our present doctors in the field, and hints at other developments of the future. Practical measures for the prevention of disease, which in former wars has killed far more men than the weapons of war, have achieved wonders, and the public does not realise the difficulties and responsibilities of the R.A.M.C. Behind that body now lies an organised scientific research which has never been approached before, and which has made it possible to solve the new problems of the war, or, at any rate, not to depend upon clever guesswork. The care and cure of the wounded have been revolutionised by expert handling. In the future the writer looks forward to several medical organisations with different conditions of service and varying responsibilities, but such questions must, he says, be settled by younger men. The remark is characteristic of his broad and far-seeing views.

The simple heroism of the boy Cornwell is to be commemorated by a painting which will be reproduced and so distributed throughout boys' schools in Great Britain and perhaps the Colonies. This painting is intended to keep active in boys' minds the pluck and the supreme sacrifice of one who was, no doubt, the type of many lads in the Jutland Battle. Thus the typical devotion to duty of British boyhood manifested in our Navy is to be immortalised by a work of art, to inspire succeeding generations. Who has been selected for the honour of creating so important and so national a work? Mr. Frank Salisbury, of whose painting one can only say that hitherto it has exhibited no signs of any qualification for so serious and high a mission. Surely if these things are to be done they should be done by the best possible hand.

LEADING ARTICLES.

STRIKING HARD AT GERMANY.

DURING the past week public attention—or, at any rate, public attention in London—has been drawn to four events, which divide themselves, quite naturally, into two groups. The first group we may describe with strict accuracy as of no importance, and the second as of the greatest importance in the world to-day. The first consists of a storm in a tea-cup about the temporary detainment of some people at a railway station who were thereby late for business, and of a storm in a tea-spoon over the change in the address of a club. We do not wish to laugh at such incidents when they happen to others, for we know they can be very trying to the temper when they happen to ourselves. But the outcry over them is out of reason, and we are sure that most of the people involved would themselves freely admit as much. For consider what the two other, the important, events are—the series of new and splendid onsets by the British and French troops at the Somme, and the sudden spring to life and glorious action of the Allied Army at Salonika! The first group of events does not, by any stretch of imagination, affect, whilst the second does affect profoundly, the whole future of the world and the cause of civilisation. It is not censorious, but common sense, to remark that the outcries about a rounding-up and a club ought not to have arisen; they are childish quarrels in the midst of the tremendous clash of mighty forces on the Western front and in the East at the present time. They should cease at once.

Germany has, beyond a doubt, begun to be hit hard, and there are some quiet and interesting signs that this fact is being slowly and surely borne in on her. A change, a little change, in the whole tone or atmosphere of printed German comment is quite perceptible. It is not only perceptible in the Press of the enemy—largely an inspired and a very heavily censored Press, it must be remembered—it is perceptible also in such fragments of speeches and interviews as are allowed to reach us here. But it is, we think, still more marked in the enemy's wireless messages and official Army reports. The contempt for the British Army seems to have largely disappeared from these reports; and, to do the enemy justice, we believe that, despite the tour de force of the first seven divisions at the Marne and the Aisne, and at that extraordinary first battle at Ypres—where, one may say, with pardonable exaggeration, cooks and grooms had to be rushed up into the firing line to save the Channel ports—that early contempt of his was not altogether feigned. Long after the Marne and the Aisne and Ypres the enemy knew well enough we were short of material and short of men. We recall a wicked, clever German cartoon of Lord Kitchener with a used-up appearance inquiring of Sir E. Grey, with a still more used-up appearance, whether any more recruits were coming in, and the latter replying: "Yes, one more recruit yesterday". The enemy in those days had the laugh of us unquestionably. He shared the doubts of many of our own people as to whether the men could be found, and, if found, whether they could be trained in time. Was it credible, for instance, that Wiltshire could ever stand up to Wilhelm? But it has been made credible. The fact stands that the Prussian Guard, hit at Ypres by the old Army, have been humbled on the Somme by the new. The changed tone of the German official

reports; the stingy admissions, now not unusual, that the Allies have gained a little ground here, have made untenable—through violent fire or superior forces—trench there, are natural enough in the light of these surprises. They are significant. If we could conveniently range before us the entire series of German official reports of the Western battle front from the Mons, Marne, and Ypres period till to-day, the changed atmosphere, we fancy, would be curious and instructive to observe. The gradual elimination of contempt would certainly appear.

The Germans are getting substantially the worst of it in the vast rocking struggle, which is not yet at its fiercest, but which is fiercer to-day, with the new Allied activity at Salonika, than it has been since the combatants first locked together. Quite apart from the Russian momentum and from Italy's late successes, France and Great Britain are distinctly "up" to-day. The danger at Verdun is nothing like what it was. Less than three months ago Verdun was a most serious problem, and no amount of happy-go-lucky talk by irresponsible people in this country about Verdun being merely a symbol, and about the uselessness of it to Germany, could disguise that truth. But there has been something like a transformation scene. The assault of the Allies on the Somme has changed everything. It has not only ruined all the German hopes of winning a sensational victory at Verdun, but has also enormously enhanced the prestige of France and Great Britain. In particular, as regards Great Britain, she is at last coming into her own in the way of military reputation, of striking power by land. By her campaign on the Somme Great Britain, we are convinced, has gained more prestige, more military reputation, than she lost by Antwerp and Gallipoli combined. The fact is evident throughout the comment of the enemy Press and the enemy official reports; it is evident in the whole mood and carriage of our own people; whilst those whose business it is to keep a finger on the Neutral pulse can, we know, report the same effect working there. We are up in the world, aggressive, insistent, provocative in every quarter where a German, Austrian, Bulgarian, or Turkish army faces us. The enemy, except in regard to one side of Roumania—where we do not wish by any means to minimise his threat—is on the defence. It is far better to be in our position—to be up in the world and to be striking hard all round at length at the beginning of the third year of war—than to have enjoyed it in the first and second years, and then gradually to have resigned it. A mighty task still faces the Allied armies; but the note, exhilarating and inspiring, is "Forward!"

THE WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY.

THERE is a classic German fairy tale about a man who had never learnt how to shiver and shake. No one could explain to this abnormal fellow what it was like to be really impressed or terrified. He went about in search of the one human sensation which was denied him, and in course of his pilgrimage he underwent a number of experiences any one of which would have turned the hair of a normal person white in a single night.

Possibly this story—a story told to all German children in their infancy—will sometimes have occurred to the German soldier in his dealings with the British fighting man. German military methods have a good deal in them of the methods of the savage who paints his face and utters horrible cries of war. The German warrior immensely desires to inspire sheer

horror and fright in the adversary. The bestiality of the German armies is much of it due to their deliberate desire to be really horrible. The best, virtually the only, compliment one can pay to the German soldier is to shrink from him, for such shrinking feeds the perverted self-conceit of a race whose literature has long been saturated with the depraved self-love of a Caliban admiring his crooked figure in the brook.

It must accordingly be a very great disappointment for the German soldier to realise that in dealing with the British fighting man he is rather in the position of the spectres, ghouls and horrific apparitions who tried their arts of terror all in vain upon the man who had not learnt how to shiver and shake. For the British fighting man is obviously not impressed. It may even be argued that he is not sufficiently impressed. The German monster with his gas and his liquid fire and his vile reputation as a defiler of women discovers, when he comes into close contact with the British fighting man, that he is even now regarded with no very real abhorrence. His frequently treacherous behaviour in the trenches, though it is sometimes most swiftly and sternly punished by British soldiers whose blood is up, is more often treated, after the event, much as a sporting fifteen on the Rugby field will treat an opposing team suspected of a deliberate foul. There is certainly no terror of his ways, or any inclination to shiver and shake. The terrible German often finds a humorous condescension in his captors. He rarely finds in them any vengeful feelings or respectful apprehension. A correspondent at the front has described the British fighting man's treatment of the captured Boche as the sort of treatment one gives to a curious and possibly savage pet.

There is no doubt at all that this treatment infuriates and humiliates the terrible Germans beyond expression. German officers have been known to spit in the coffee offered them by a ministering escort. It makes them mad to discover that they who have specialised in terror—whose great ambition is to be Bogeymen, who have solemnly set out to strike a chill into their enemy's heart—are received by their captors with a half-humorous indulgence. They would like to be received as men whose iron hearts and innocence of all flimsy scruples, whose ruthless disregard of all those silly notions of fair play such as are professed by a frivolous cricketing and footballing nation, have struck dismay and horror among the weaker races. They find, instead, that the British fighting man, though he abhors and resents their methods, treats them as rather beneath than level with his contempt. The British attitude would seem to be that, after all, these poor misguided fellows are only Boches; that it is in the nature of a Boche to be a dirty fighter; that he cannot help it, and that, never having had the advantages of a British birth and upbringing, he should not be taken too seriously. The serious German composes and learns how to chant a Hymn of Hate, calling down disaster and fire upon the evil Empire of Britain. But the adversary is not impressed, and the Hymn of Hate becomes, so far as the British fighting man is concerned, one of the really funny things of the war. The German chorister discovers that all his Hymn of Hate has been able to do for the enemy is to provide him with a new serio-comic verb or swear-word. The verb "to strafe" will remain in the English language as a perpetual source of discomfiture to the Boche.

The resolute refusal of the British soldier to be impressed by the might or even by the wickedness of his adversary is essentially a part of the British character. It is part of his insular refusal to be excited without good reason, or to take unnecessary trouble and pains until the need is very clear. The British temperament has its perils. It frequently throws our nation with a headlong cheerfulness into enterprises of which it has not measured the scope or difficulty. Those perils, as regards our present task of defeating the German, are now well past. We have taken the full measure of our enemy, and henceforth the cynical humour of the

British soldier will be one of his best assets in dealing with an angry foe. His apparent flippancy in the face of death no longer deceives our opponents, who know now how deep and earnest a will lies under his contemptuous forbearance. Nor does it any longer scandalise the French, who at first were quite unable to understand his seeming want of reverence or appreciation of the terrors and glories of war. The French do not yet quite follow the process of feeling whereby the word Boche, used by them for a generation as a term of sincere opprobrium, has come to be employed by the English as a kind of sporting designation for "the other fellow". But they have discovered that the British do not fight any the worse on account of their apparently flippant refusal to express their deeper feelings; and the French are now content.

The British temperament has never been illustrated so deeply and universally as in the present war. The humorous refusal of our New Armies to be astonished by any new or terrible thing, their nice observance of the tradition that it is beneath an Englishman, so long as he has his wits and nerves about him, to be tremendously serious and uplifted, is seemingly something indelible and common to all British types and classes. It has often been noted in the English public schools and Universities, and it has frequently been ascribed, wrongly as we now observe, to the special tone and habit of the 'Varsity and public school man. Henceforth we shall not think of the Oxford manner as belonging specifically to Oxford. The ingredients and essentials of that manner extend from the Lizard to Cape Wrath. It is possessed in embryo by the denizens of Earl's Court and Whitechapel. It lurks under many quaint disguises, often as unlike anything we superficially associate with the finished product of our English system of education as a monitor is superficially unlike a torpedo-boat destroyer. But the ore from which the English finished manner is derived is everywhere the same. The whole British Army is an illustration of the fact that the fundamental British characteristics are a capacity of humorous detachment, a deep distrust of the theatrical and portentous, a determination to keep aloof and cool. The British soldier has had no need of a public school training to know that what is usually described as "making an ass of oneself" or "giving oneself away" is not in the British fashion. To avoid any such calamity the British soldier heavily discounts every draft upon his feelings, and even more heavily discounts the language in which he renders them. He accordingly refuses to play up to the German craving for the awesome. He knows how to give a comic twist even to the mask of war. *But he is never convicted! oh no*

THE DAY OF THE CHEMIST.

THE Government lately appointed a Committee to inquire what measures are desirable to advance pure science "and the interests of the trades, industries, and professions which particularly depend upon applied science". This might have been better expressed. The most important thing is "pure science", there is no "applied" science without it. Ignorance of this is the reason, to a great extent, why England has fallen behind in the more modern manufactures and industries. It is true a time comes when, the pure scientist having made his discovery, it has to be applied to the practical purpose of making a new article sufficiently cheaply to be used in a manufacturing process which may revolutionise an existing industry. Money has to be risked by manufacturers. English manufacturers have not been so enterprising and persistent as they would have been if they had had more faith in pure science.

In 1880 a German chemist, Adolf von Bayer, discovered how to make artificial indigo in his laboratory, but it cost too much. The German manufacturers took it up, and during seventeen years spent £1,000,000 until success was achieved; and they had the satisfaction of being able to compete with the Indian planta-

tions. They ruined the indigo trade of India, which exported to the annual value of £3,500,000 in 1896, but in 1913 only £60,000 worth, and Germany was exporting an annual value of over £2,000,000 with indigo at 3s. 6d. instead of 8s. the lb. Dr. F. A. Mason, writing in the "Times" a few months ago, touched on this synthetic indigo, along with monazite, which is used in making gas mantles. He said that their mention with beet sugar, etc., was not fortuitous, apropos of German industrial success and British failure. "The link connecting them all", he said, "may be summed up in one word—chemistry. There is no branch of science, pure or applied, which has been so shamefully neglected in the past as chemistry. Practically all the important industries in which we have been left behind by Germany have been those in which the chemist is predominant."

The incandescent gas mantle is a good example of the transcendent importance of pure chemical research. Auer von Welsbach, in 1884, did not start out with any intention to improve the illuminating power of gas. Those who had done so failed. He was conducting a purely scientific investigation of the rare metals, and he noticed that some of their oxides emitted an exceptionally brilliant light when incandescent. That was the beginning, but it needed money and enterprise, which German manufacturers supplied, to make the gas mantle a success before the annual consumption of the mantles reached 300,000,000.

There seems to be a notion, even amongst the educated, that the chemist is an ingenious experimenter who mixes things and then watches the result, which may be something useful or a nuisance—a stink—just as it happens. In fact, he is creative; he does not make imitation substances, like imitation jewellery, but the very same substances as Nature, only in greater quantities and more cheaply. The materials are Nature's, but she has not combined them into existing substances which it is useful or agreeable for man to possess. Artificial or synthetic indigo or madder are the exact things the plants produce. The synthetic drugs are the same as those from the plants, built up on the same lines as Nature builds, though they never were in plants, except probably in the fossil plants from which we get coal tar. Adrenaline is a good example. It made bloodless surgery a possibility and an actuality. This substance was extracted for the first time in 1901 from the suprarenal glands of sheep and oxen. A pound weight could be obtained from 20,000 oxen. It was found that when injected under the skin, in exceedingly minute amounts, it contracted the arteries so violently that the blood was driven away from the parts on which the surgeon was about to operate. The chemist then found out, not merely what it is made of, but how the materials of it are built up, and arranged in such order as to give it its qualities and make it the specific substance it is. They discovered its molecular structure, the ground plan of the substance. This is not analysis. You can analyse the substance of which a house is built—bricks, mortar, and so on; but that does not disclose the plan on which it is built. The chemist discovers how substances are built; then he can build them himself; and this he did with adrenaline. He knew both the materials and the plan, and he constructed an exactly similar product to Nature's, and it was then put on the market under the name of suprarenine as a commercial success.

To understand how this is done is to understand partly what pure science means, and how necessary it is for all our great modern industries. It is theory as to molecular structure, pure speculation without an atom of practicality about it; scientific imagination as to the nature of atoms and molecules, that not even the microscope reveals, which has resulted in synthetic chemistry. It is not possible here to trace the history of those theories, which began about sixty years ago. The chemistry of that time acted on a theory now obsolete, that the products of the wonderful chemistry of animals and plants could not be reproduced without

the vital processes. That is a theory which synthetic chemistry has entirely abolished, and now compounds that are found in no animal or vegetable organisms are prepared by the chemist, which, on that old theory, ought to be impossible. But if the theory cannot be shortly explained, a moral can quite easily be drawn, and it can best be done in the words of Prof. Alexander Findlay, in whose excellent book, "Chemistry in the Service of Man", is to be found a popular exposition of the theory of synthetic chemistry. He says: "But while the theories of molecular structure and constitution gave the guidance necessary for the altogether phenomenal development of organic chemistry during the last sixty years, that development could actually take place only through the genius, the energy, and the persistence of hundreds of zealous workers who devoted themselves to the task of synthesising and elucidating the constitution of thousands of organic compounds, and it is, therefore, only natural that it is in that country—Germany—which, amongst all other countries, has been conspicuous for its recognition of the importance of such investigations, and for the encouragement which it has given to them, that we find the industries dependent on synthetic organic chemistry chiefly flourishing."

Though it is well known that the first synthetic dye was made by Sir W. H. Perkin in this country, it is Germany which now makes out of coal tar, which a hundred years ago was a useless waste material and a nuisance, two-thirds of all the synthetic dyes now made, which amount to the annual value of £20,000,000. It is exactly the same story as regards the numberless synthetic drugs and perfumes which, in many cases, are the identical substances to which the active properties of plants or the perfumes of flowers are due; though others are merely substitutes and imitations. Antifebrin, phenacetin, and one of the latest, aspirin, are amongst such drugs; and the toilet soaps tell of the value of the perfumes in articles of commerce. What was once merely distilled from plants and flowers is now made in the chemical laboratory, after the recipe supplied by Nature herself to the investigating chemist.

We may refer to two other chemical processes. These are the obtaining, or fixation as it is called, of nitrogen directly from the air; and the manufacture of sulphuric acid or oil of vitriol. The importance of nitrogen lies in the manufacture of agricultural fertilisers; nitrogenous compounds must be applied to the soil if the products of the land are to keep pace with the growing population; and the natural sources of those compounds are being exhausted—coal and saltpetre are amongst them. Chemists have addressed themselves to this problem, and the result is that there are now several commercial methods by which atmospheric nitrogen can be made to combine with other substances or elements. Almost every civilised country but the United Kingdom is developing these nitrogen industries. We are still using our coal for obtaining ammonia, and we export coal and get it back at a high price in fertilisers. It is said we have not cheap enough electric power, but this appears not to be true, according to those who have studied the question. And Germany is producing synthetic ammonia which does not depend on cheap power. We are simply not making the effort to produce substances of vital importance to us.

England was once the chief producer of sulphuric acid, which is used in most of the great chemical and metallurgical industries, explosives amongst the rest. Great Britain now only ranks third, and this is because she still uses processes of which the most that can be said is that they are not entirely superseded. In 1831 Peregrine Phillips, a vinegar manufacturer, of Bristol, made a discovery which it was believed would in a few years supersede the old method of production. But seventy years passed and, in Prof. Frankland's words, then "the ability and persistence of the technical chemists in one of Germany's greatest chemical works succeeded in developing the discovery

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of Peregrine Phillips into a successful industrial process". Thus it came to pass that England took third place where for many years she had held the first. Yet it must be well understood that our chemists of theory have been second to none.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (NO. III), BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

I.—WEST AND EAST.

THE Somme continues to dominate the situation in the Western theatre, and will probably continue to do so for many weeks to come. The whole experience of the two years of war tends to prove that the strain of an offensive movement upon a large scale is so severe upon the administrative branch of Headquarters, and the rebuilding of the armies which have been exhausted in the process is of such a laborious nature, that unless large reserves are ready to hand, a renewal of the offensive is not to be expected for many months. The Franco-British operations on the Somme have fulfilled two important purposes. They have killed the German offensive at Verdun, and they have reduced the Germans to the defensive along the whole line of the Western front. The point of interest that most concerns the Allies, however, is whether under the new guidance of von Hindenburg, the German armies will be held to the position that they already possess, and thus maintain a somewhat overstrained attitude of defence, or will they be compelled for reasons of security and for purposes of recuperation to sink both pride and ambition, and withdraw their armies to a new line of resistance, which will lighten the strain upon the numbers now in the field. This is tantamount to a confession of weakness, for a strategic defensive is unknown in the modern military code of German warfare. It is upon this question that rumour has it von Falkenhayn was sacrificed. At the War Council held to decide this vital point, the old Field-Marshal von Hindenburg proved himself faithful to the teaching of the Prussian War Book. He is reported to have been adamant upon the question of yielding to the Entente Powers one square inch of ground in any of the theatres of war, and his appointment as Generalissimo of the armies of the Central Powers is the answer of approval of the German War Lord. If this be a true version of von Hindenburg's promotion, it is the best news that could be given to the camps of the Allies.

The veteran Field-Marshal has at his right hand a man of proved ability. Von Ludendorff is one of the pre-war brains that set to work to frame an answer to the response made by the French Great General War Staff to the great increase in the armies of Germany, when the latter chose to make an inordinate addition to her armies after the Balkan Wars of 1912-13. France saw that with a population greatly inferior in numbers to her prospective enemy, and with a restricted birth-rate, she would not only have to put every son through the military mill, but, in order to make up still further for that deficiency in numbers, would have also to put a fresh strain upon her manhood by demanding a colour service of three years in peace time from the pool. France counted that the gain in efficiency would compensate for the deficiency in numbers. She has not had reason to be disappointed with her decision. We can recall the political upheaval which was threatened by this reformation, but when von Ludendorff's arguments before the War Council of Berlin anent the necessity of meeting France's intention came to light, there was little discord in the Council Chamber of our

Ally. Von Ludendorff, it need hardly be said, has proved himself a master hand at putting Germany's strategic railways to their full use. As von Hindenburg's right hand man in the Eastern theatre he has excelled himself in this duty. Now as Chief of the Staff to the Generalissimo, he will have to make things hum both east, south and west, if he is to conform to the orders of his master, and find material which can be transported to danger points at distances varying from one to 700 miles from each other.

The Allied offensive in the region of the Somme is adding to the difficulties of the new Chief of the Staff of the German armies. The slow but gradual push in the hostile lines, which started along a front of some twenty miles, has by the convex shape it has assumed imposed a line of resistance upon the enemy of some thirty miles. The second phase of the push, which has commenced with promise, has carried British arms well forward toward the crests that dominate the great national highway which leads from Arras through Bapaume to Péronne. Our Ally on our right only awaits the consolidation of the British position to carry his own successful thrust well into the valley of the middle Somme, and to the railway that runs along its western banks. To rob Ludendorff of the use of a railway of any sort, however small be the theft, is a blow to this skilled manipulator of the iron horse. That the great struggle on the Somme is fulfilling a strategic purpose is evidenced by the resolute attempts that are daily made by the enemy to retrieve a situation which has already gone against them. The more vigorously it is pushed the smaller become the chances of the new German strategists of finding means to deal hammer blows elsewhere.

II.—THE EASTERN THEATRE.

It will be interesting to see in the immediate future how von Hindenburg proposes to deal with a situation that has arisen in the Eastern theatre and threatens to engulf the armies of his ally. No longer can the Staffs of the Central Powers raise new formations by a stamp of the foot. Men must be found from somewhere—withdrawn either from the Western, Italian, or North Russian front—to meet the coming storm which Brusiloff is preparing, aided by Roumania's new army in the field, which is slowly but surely closing in upon the plains of Hungary. The process of effecting a junction between Lechitsky's victorious army on the Dniester, and that of the Roumanian army, which is wending its way towards the Borgo Pass in the Carpathians, in the region of Bukovina, has taken time. True, the capture of the railway at Toplicza, on the river Maros, when it is effected, will simplify the concentration of the Roumanian troops destined for co-operation, but it must be remembered that any movement of the Roumanian army to the north after the strategic concentration tends to lengthen the front of the Roumanian armies which are marching westward to the plains of Hungary.

The movements of the armies of our new Ally must necessarily be slow. They started their campaign with forces not fully mobilised. The Passes from north to south over the Transylvanian Alps were rushed by divisions made up of weaker peace establishments. The real concentration of effectives has yet to be made, well over the Austrian frontier, at suitable junctions previously captured. It is a new phase of making war, that of entering into it with peace formations, and pouring in the reservists as they come up to complete the cadres; but time is a great factor in

dealing with military operations in an Alpine country at a late season in the year. What will tend still further to prolong the concentration of the armies of Lechitsky and those of Roumania on the slopes of the Carpathians, is the great stand made by the German General von Bothmer in the vicinity of Halicz. This general has made splendid use of the terrain afforded him in his retreat from the line of the Strypa. As outlined in these pages some weeks ago, it was here that the most formidable resistance might be expected against the onward sweep of Brusiloff's forces. The five successive lines of parallel rivers, valleys, and ridges which stand as sentinels between the Austro-German front and the great centre of Lemberg, were not obstacles that could be rushed by the best of troops. The obstinate defence at Halicz made by the armies of the Central Powers has fulfilled a double purpose. It has demanded the best of Lechitsky's efforts to act in co-operation with Tcherbacheff on the east and Sakaroff on the north, and it has further compelled the first-named to suspend his ventures to the west and operate in the region of the Carpathians, beyond the Kirlibaba and Jablonitz passes.

It would be folly to ignore the setback that our new Ally has received in the region of the Dobrudja south of the Danube. That the German-directed, war-tried Bulgarian Army would be a formidable foe to a newcomer in the field of war was to be expected. Whether the Roumanian troops who fought for the bridgehead at Tutrakan were fully mobilised, and completed in equipment and guns of every nature, we are not told. What has gone wrong, it must be feared, is the time table which prescribed the co-operation of new Russian armies from the north. From a purely national point of view it would seem eminently desirable that strategy should have designed that Slav should meet Slav in the first contest, not the Latin the Bulgar. The test would then have been afforded whether any real gratitude was to be found in the heart of the Bulgar, for the great sacrifice made by Russia on his behalf in the dire trial of 1877. The glamour of victory will now obscure the considerations of reason and chivalry, and we may expect a stubborn campaign on the southern banks of the Danube. Nor can the first taste of a triumph to the arms of Bulgaria in this new campaign be without effect upon the complex situation which has arisen in Macedonia. The more entangled the political squabble becomes in Athens, the more troops can Bulgaria spare on her venture to hold up the armies of her enemies in the north, and the better can she fulfil her promise to the War Lord at Berlin to keep open the cherished gateways to his ambitions in the East.

Bulgar, Turk, and Greek alike will, however, find that the judgment-seat of their disputes is no longer in the East, but in the purer atmosphere of the West.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

OPTIMISTS: AND OPTIMISTS.

IN his speech at Chelmsford a week ago—a good speech, humorous and sturdy—Mr. Churchill said the country was supposed to be divided into two classes, optimists and pessimists. The first class believed we should win the war, thanks to the Government, whilst the second believed we should win it despite the Government. This was a witty description of the people who are styled—and who style themselves—optimists, and of the people who are styled—but who do not style themselves—pessimists. A long time ago now Lord Kitchener, we believe, remarked that he was neither an optimist nor a pessimist

as to the war. He thought we should face facts, and preserve our equanimity. Lord Kitchener's line was right. Optimism—in the sense in which the word is bandied about to-day—and pessimism are, we think, the wrong line: they are too much like struck attitudes. Let us first consider optimism in its perverted but general use to-day. The people who profess it adopt, roughly, this line: they belittle to the vanishing point, in all their criticisms or observations on the war, the power and achievement of the enemy. Every item of war intelligence is announced or head-lined by them good news. It is good news when the Roumanians seize the passes in the East Carpathians; but it is good news apparently, optimists' good news, if the Bulgarians seize Tutrakan. It has been remarked that the man who claims to be an optimist about the war is the man always ready to butt a dull head against a hard fact; and certainly there is some truth in this, though there is also some rudeness. The people who are fond of proclaiming their optimism are now and then a little absurd. People at home in comfortable circumstances, waiting thoroughly well-content with themselves for the end of the war in which they are taking no very marked part—and all the while advertising their optimism in loud, defiant tones—are not exactly impressive. Especially is this felt when it is clear that the optimists are rather more desirous of the fall of their foes or rivals, the pessimists, than of the fall of the Prussians. Indeed, it has been observed that optimism, of the loud advertising kind, is first and foremost anti-pessimism, and, secondarily, anti-Prussianism. The Puritans hated bear-baiting because it amused the baiters rather than because it hurt the bear. Are there not optimists, a few at any rate, who want to see Prussia soon broken not so much because that will save civilisation as because that will, they believe, humiliate the pessimists? There is some human nature in this, though it is not very uplifting. Our optimists, it must be remembered, see much more of our pessimists than they see of the Prussians. One's next-door neighbour, if he crosses our views, can be much more disagreeable than the enemy of man on the other sides of seas or continents.

Our idea of the so-called optimist—the "optimist" between inverted commas—is that he overrates his virtue, though he means well. Moreover, he is not an optimist in the noble sense of the term. The true optimist—the optimist without inverted commas—is a Great Heart. We find him in the noble poetry of Browning, for example, and in the prose of Kingsley. We find him facing death and darkness with a high and splendid courage. He fears not the fog in his throat. He blanches not at "the Arch Foe in a visible shape". Optimism is about the noblest thing men and women can reach up to. Christian was optimist, invincible optimist, through his progress: it took him through the Valley and across the River. But we need not go so far afield as Christian and the "Pilgrim's Progress" for optimists, real optimists, to-day. Just over the water, optimists, invincible optimists, are fighting and falling for their country. No. 12639 Private James Miller, R. Lanc. Regt., was an invincible optimist. "His battalion was consolidating a position after its capture by assault. Private Miller was ordered to take an important message under heavy shell and rifle fire, and to bring back a reply at all costs." He crossed the open and was shot through the back. Private Miller compressed the gaping wound with his hand, delivered his message, staggered back with the answer, gave it to the officer, and then fell dead.

When we seriously consider the deeds and the devotion of optimists like 12639 Private Miller, we cannot doubt that the line is wrong which holds that death ends all. The optimist like Miller argues immortality.

Again, there is the case of No. 14/18278 Private McFadzean, who, when a box of bombs slipped down the trench, and two of the safety pins fell out, threw

himself on them in order to save his companions and was blown to pieces. The optimist like McFadzean decidedly argues an immortal soul in man.

The earth of Picardy holds many optimists, and will hold more. But, happily, thousands of optimists will return after it is all over and will play a great part in making this land a better land in various ways.

The optimists are great. But we must not confuse them with the "optimists". The optimists only wish to fight the good fight. They are out to beat the Germans or the Boches, as they delightfully style the enemy. Without the optimists we should be nowhere in the war, or, indeed, in the world generally.

As for the pessimists, we have not met any for some time—except so far as it may be pessimism to remark that the war is not over yet. Though, of course, if Mr. Churchill's witticism is to be taken quite literally, there still are pessimists because there still are bold, bad people about who believe the war is going to be won despite the Government. Indeed, Mr. Churchill himself is darkly suspected by some of the inverted-comma optimists of being tinged with that sort of pessimism.

But who coined the term optimist in regard to the professors at home? In what paper, or in what speaker, did the name originate in this connection? We have an uneasy idea that it may have originated in the SATURDAY REVIEW about a year and a half ago: but we hope we are mistaken and that it originated elsewhere. It is not a good one; and it may, if persisted in much longer, end by spoiling a word with a noble and uplifting sense. The true optimist is no underhead. He is a hero, and without him the earth would be a poor, depressing place.

ARITHMETIC AND LOVE.

BY GILBERT CANNAN.

"THAT", said my father, "is your new school". From the tone in which he said it I smelled tragedy, for even as a child I had a keen nose for it. We had come to it at last. For years we had hovered outside the town, in country, semi-country, and suburb, but at last we had come to it. The new baby had made the family too heavy for such hovering. My brother and I, who had attended genteel schools kept by formidable spinsters, were to sink down among the "common" children, and henceforth we were to live in streets, far removed from fields and laurel-groves and duck-ponds.

An ugly red-brick school, terrifyingly large. A bleak asphalted playground, surrounded with high railings. I looked at my brother. He was curiously elated, and I knew that he had long resented being taught by women, but it was the tragedy in my father's voice that occupied me more than my brother's fate, or even my own. I think my father could not have loathed the school more if he had had to go himself.

Sixpence a week! He had been accustomed to pay, like a gentleman, by the term, with extra for music.

As it turned out, the red-brick building swallowed up my brother and rejected me, who was sent as an "infant" to St. Faith's. I did not mind being an infant in the least; but without my brother I was lost. He had been my captain, my mind, my will. For the first time I faced the world alone, in a lower stratum, at 2d. a week, which was, at any rate, better than Green Street, where the dirty children paid nothing. O! a filthy charity, your education, and if your mother would consent to your having lice in your hair you could get it for nothing.

Twopence a week saved the situation, and at St. Faith's we were not as Green Street.

The day began with a hymn and a walk round the schoolroom, Miss Fish playing the harmonium and Miss Phelps, the head mistress, clapping her hands and saying: "One, two; one, two! Arms folded behind the back and heads up!" It was smart to

have your arms folded high up your back and to keep your chin as high as possible, and I remember some of the children throwing their heads back so far that they could not see where they were going, and they often used to fall down out of excited eagerness to do the thing well. And I used to fall down because I was so fascinated by Miss Phelps's grimaces as she shouted: "One, two; one, two!"

As for Miss Fish, I could learn nothing from her because her father kept a shop. She was a disagreeable young woman, though I might have come to like her but for her passion for mental arithmetic. I suppose she was good at it herself, for whenever she had confused both herself and us with geography or history she would make us stand up on the outside forms of the class and say: "Now we will have a little mental arithmetic to clear our minds".

My brain would at once turn to pulp. I could neither add nor subtract nor multiply nor divide. The figures marched about inside my head: "One and two, and one and two. Arms folded behind the back and heads up!" Often they would jog along to the march tune with which the day began, and I was so frightened that I could never make a sound come from my lips. Miss Fish used to level heavy sarcasms at me, and the other children used to snigger; but I could never make the smallest effort to understand.

In time I might have done so but for two obsessions, which drove all other ideas out of my head.

There was in the school a small girl named Gertie Mitford, a little minx with long red ringlets, always neat and elegantly dressed, with pink and blue ribbons in her lank hair. She gave herself all the airs of a beauty, but she had a face like a frog, and a skin like a fish's belly, and I loathed her. It hurt me to see her every day, but every day I looked for her, until at last I was filled with a sense of growing doom concerning her. The cloud gathered, and at last it broke. A little girl came to me one day and giggled in my face and at last said:

"Gertie Mitford says she's in love with you and is going to marry you when she's grown up."

I sank into a profound gloom, from which I have never wholly recovered. My fate was sealed. My whole life was ruined. I should have that frog-like face with me for ever and ever. That, and only that, lay before me. Nothing could save me, unless some miracle prevented Gertie Mitford from growing up, or unless I did not grow up myself.

There was no one to whom I could confide this awful thing that had descended upon me. I never dared to look at Gertie again. I fled from the school as quickly as possible, in dread lest I should encounter her; but in the street I was always seeing her red hair shining. . . . Mental arithmetic became a lesser torture, and a relief.

And then another obsession was added. There was a boy in the school, Jack Hutton by name, who suddenly sprang into fame as a great fighter, chiefly, I think, because he had a very red face. He had a court of little boys, like a shark with a shoal of pilot-fish, and he used to challenge little boys, and if they would not fight he called them "Gertie".

One day, after an unusually bad time with mental arithmetic, as I came out of school, sore-headed and bewildered, I ran into the shoal of pilot-fish. One of them challenged me. I shrank away.

"Yah! Gertie! Gertie! Gertie!"

In my confusion I took this to mean that the ghastly future that awaited me was known to the world at large. I think I lost my senses, and darted about in the ring of pilot-fish, screaming:

"I won't! I won't! She said it. I never said it. I never did. She oughtn't to have said it, and I hate her!"

The circling boys yelled with delight, and over their heads I caught sight of Jack Hutton's red face looming like an ominous sun. I understood then that they were going to make me fight Jack Hutton!

In a frenzy I hurled myself among the pilot-fish, kicked and scratched and whirled my arms, broke through, confronted Jack Hutton, and screamed:

"She's your Gertie, not my Gertie, and she ought to marry you, because you're both so ugly!"

With that I took to my heels and ran and ran, unable to believe, until I was safely secreted in the attic at home, that I was not followed. And slowly my excitement died away. Miss Fish's sums marched about in my head, and Miss Phelps clapped her hands and shouted: "One, two; one, two!"

Until the holidays I lived in a dream, haunted by my two terrors, and during the holidays it seemed impossible that I could ever go back to them. But I had to return to St. Faith's. I crept back to my doom, and learned that I was saved. I was to be moved up to the higher standard, which meant that I was no longer an "infant", but would be with my brother again, and safe from Gertie Mitford, Jack Hutton, and mental arithmetic. . . . I remember running the last few hundred yards to the forbidding brick school, with my breath coming so quickly that I was almost sobbing, so eager was I to be swallowed up.

IN PRAISE OF MULES.

BY AN OLD SOLDIER.

KIPLING, who could give us the word picture of a camel as "a devil and an ostrich and an orphan child in one", tacitly confessed himself beaten when he penned the words, "a battery mule's a mule". But in these strenuous times of war it is not meet that the present-day representatives of the faithful mules who carried the baggage of Alexander's army and tramped all the ancient world over after the Roman legions, should remain unnoticed and unsung.

One of the first things which strikes an admirer of the mule—and all who have worked with a mule admire him—is the strange obstinacy of Dame Nature in refusing to help in the reproduction of so valuable and worthy an animal. For the mule is not merely a cross between the donkey and the mare; he is for most purposes a distinct improvement upon both his parents. Take hardiness and endurance, for example. A mule is quite as hardy as a donkey, picks up his living as easily, and stands extremes of heat and cold just as well; while he carries heavier loads, and carries them faster and farther than his paternal progenitor. Again, take his personal appearance. If not *matre pulchra filius pulchrior*, he is undoubtedly a finer-looking animal than his father. If his ears are longer than his father's, so are his years also longer.

In the battery with which I marched into Afghanistan in 1878 there were mules whose records showed that they had carried loads in the Persian Expedition of 1856—that is to say, they had been working for over twenty-two years—and must, in all probability, have been not far short of thirty years of age. And the mule is not only the best of all pack animals, from the military point of view; he is also a very good draught animal—Priam ordered his mule ambulance-car when he went to fetch the dead body of Hector—and not at all bad for the saddle if the roads are rough and steep.

Probably the mule would not be such a good animal for war purposes, would not do so much hard work on poor food, or last so long, if it were not for his sense of humour. "A merry heart goes all the day, your sad tires in a mile-a", sang Autolycus, who probably used a mule occasionally to transport his wares along the "desert country near the sea in Bohemia". What is it but light-heartedness which leads a mule so frequently to burst his bonds and go off for a wild run round upon his own account, hurrahing with his heels in the air and trying apparently to jump out of his thick skin? What he wants you to do on these occasions is to run after him with a head-collar—he has, of course, taken the precaution to break his own before he started—and a nose-bag. If you do this,

it will add greatly to his part of the amusement, for he will wait till you get quite near, and then scoot off incontinently, and you will be lucky if you escape a kick from his flying heels. Your proper course is to take no notice of him, but wait awhile till he has had his fling, and then get the trumpeter to sound the "Feed". This will nearly always bring the rover to his lines again. I have known mules show their sense of humour in many ways. I had read that a good way of swimming your mules across a river was to put the drivers into boats, holding the mules by leading reins, and thus tow them over. But, in practice, I found that the mules, after following the boat for some time, would turn round and tow the boat back to the shore whence we had started. A better plan was to get one or two of the steadier mules across, put them in a conspicuous place on the far bank, and then sound the "Feed".

Another way for the mule to show his sense of humour was this. A gun or carriage mule would fall down the hill-side with his load and lie for a while as if dead. Then, just when you were convinced that life was extinct, he would shake himself clear of his load, rise to his feet, bray loudly, and begin to graze. Mules were, of course, occasionally killed on bad mountain climbs; but, as a rule, they were saved by the very strong saddles required for battery loads and the thickly stuffed pads which are needed to prevent galling from these heavy and unyielding loads.

The mule undoubtedly possesses more character than either the donkey or the horse. Vicious mules are by no means uncommon, but in nine cases out of ten they have been made vicious by ill-treatment; the viciousness is a reaction against the evil ways of their attendants. On the other hand, if well treated, as they invariably are in a battery, they are the most docile of animals. What greater test of docility can there be than the one to which the gun mule submits in his daily drill? He is hustled up at a fast trot to the gun, brought to a dead stop, and then the gun—two hundred pounds dead weight of steel—comes hurtling over his hind-quarters, to come down with a crash on the saddle just over his spine. Yet, with everything to excite and irritate him, and to upset his nervous system, the mule stands steady as a rock to take his load, and he will carry it till he drops—only, he doesn't drop.

He enjoys his food, and will thrive on stuff that will kill any but the hardest Arab horse; but his force of character leads him to resent being kept short of food. He expects to get his food, and kicks up a great fuss if he doesn't get it. I remember as if it were yesterday one night I spent in the Bolan Pass some forty years ago. The said Pass is nothing but sixty miles of pebble beach, the bed of a mountain torrent, with very little water in it. We had arrived late in the afternoon, and something had gone wrong with the arrangements for supply. There was no fodder for the mules: it was almost impossible to picket them properly, for the ground was nothing but large pebbles, and the mules, goaded to fierce resentment, patrolled round my tent the whole night long, braying and clattering about the stones, as if determined that I should get no sleep if they were to get no food. It was a regular night-mare, or, shall we say, a night-mule.

A few years later I had a similar experience. We were on the march, pushing up from the Kojak Pass to the relief of Kandahar. Supplies of all kinds were very short, and I hardly dared to go near the mule-lines, for the good creatures had by that time got accustomed to having their feed of grain when I appeared. It was a native battery and I was the only European, so that it was easy for them to recognise me; and many a time on that march I found myself sneaking out of the back of my little tent in order that I might escape the cheer with which the mules were accustomed to greet my appearance. I had not the heart to disappoint the poor hungry brutes. The horses of the cavalry and field artillery simply hung their heads and gave way to despair when no food

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appeared; it was only the mules who showed resentment and raised loud brays of disapproval and annoyance at being starved.

But though the mule enjoys his food and is a good trencher-man, he does not allow his appetite to get the mastery over him. He will resent a change of his grain ration most bitterly, and if given Indian corn or barley, when he has been accustomed to *gram*, he will refuse for days to eat the new grain. Towards the end of the Afghan War we had a compressed grain ration of the best English oats and beans, but the conservative mule would have none of it. As to water, he is very particular, much more so than the horse. In Southern Afghanistan brackish water is often met with, and mules have been known to go the best part of a week without water rather than drink stuff which had an unpleasant odour and taste.

As I have said already, the mule has a distinct sense of humour, and he likes to get a bit back when he thinks he has been ill-treated. When we were in Upper Burma I was compelled to order the gelding of a small but very violent baggage mule belonging to the battery. The little brute watched his opportunity, and one day when we were out after dacoits, in very hot weather, he seized it. We were resting at midday during a march; none of the animals was picketed, and this particular mule singled out my best pony, went for him, drove him from where we were halted, and chased him clean away. It was weeks before we heard of them again, and then we learnt that the mule had hunted my pony into the camp of the dacoits, where the gentle pony soon allowed himself to be caught; but the mule resisted all attempts at capture, until finally the exasperated dacoits shot him and ate him, making an excellent curry out of his disreputable carcase. I had the satisfaction of the last laugh, but I never saw my pony again.

The mule is at times a cause of unconscious humour in others. At a gymkhana at Darjeeling there was a race for mules ridden by the British gunners of my battery. One of the competitors was a certain gunner—Doherty we will call him. Doherty had done himself well at the midday hour at the canteen; his mule did not pass the post first, and at the finish he towered over me with his great form and a face flushed with beer and excitement, and lodged a heated objection. I tried to soothe him with the assurance that the matter would receive the serious consideration of the Gov—I mean Gymkhana Committee. He was only partially consoled, for, as he was painlessly removed by a tactful sergeant, I heard him protesting fervently, "Sure, it's not the money I want; it's for the credit of the mule."

Here we must leave our friend the mule, for though, like the Dauphin about his horse in "King Henry V.," I could "from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb vary deserved praises" on the mule, it is doubtful whether the reader's endurance is equal to that of the subject of my eulogy. But, unless I am much mistaken, we have not yet heard the last of the mule and his part in the Battle of Armageddon. The faithful beast will yet bear much of the heat and burden of the day in Asia Minor and Mesopotamia, and "Zephyris agitata Tempe" may yet be agitated by the stentorian bray of our battery mules as they roar after their rations on the hill-tops of the Balkans.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CLUBS AND CASUALTIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12 September 1916.

SIR,—It is annoying to be turned out of one's club arm-chair through autumn cleaning and repairs, or to find that some other fellow has inconsiderately booked one's favourite table and the services of the particular waiter who thoroughly understands one's habits in regard to toast and toothpicks.

Therefore I was prepared to sympathise temperately

with the members of the National Liberal Club who suddenly find themselves turned into the street by this devastating war. To lose one's favourite arm-chair, one's favourite table, and one's favourite waiter, or waitress, all at one fell swoop is disagreeable. Frankly, I am rather glad my club is not next door to the Ministry of Munitions, though one must not boast, for the war is not over.

But the cries of discomfort, even pain, which have pierced the papers this week from club victims are a little too much. Lord Lincolnshire speaks of the "great calamity" falling on the club and of the "great sacrifice" which its members, among whom I believe is Lord Lincolnshire himself, are making.

Further, the Prime Minister is called upon to write Lord Lincolnshire a letter appealing to "their patriotism and self-denial".

What will the soldier in the trenches think of this—and the soldier lying in hospital, sans arms, legs, eyes, face, sans almost everything? What will the wives and children of these cripples make of such cries of pain which are the result of some of us at home getting shifted for a while from our favourite club?

"Sacrifice", "calamity", "patriotism", "self-denial"—in those who have consented to give up their arm-chair and go elsewhere for the coffee-room dinner!

Some years ago a coal and iron magnate motored me through a crowded north Midland district. He drove at a great pace, and scattered the workers right and left in one or two villages. Turning to me, he remarked: "It's this kind of thing that makes people Socialists".

It is the kind of indiscreet talk Lord Lincolnshire and other Liberals are engaging in over a club inconvenience that "makes people Socialists".

Yours, etc.,
PALL MALL.

COMPULSORY TRAINING AND VOLUNTARY SERVICE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

13 September 1916.

SIR,—I have read with much pleasure your handsome acknowledgment in "Notes of the Week" (9 September) of the sanity and moderation of the plan for meeting our recruiting difficulties which I advocated in February last year in the "Nineteenth Century and After". The only misgiving I ever had as to the efficacy of the plan was caused by my want of success in convincing the SATURDAY REVIEW. Now that you have given the plan the hall-mark of your approval, I feel equally relieved and pleased. "Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed."

But, alas! I fear that, so far as the powers that be are concerned, my plan has fallen upon deaf ears. Compulsion has come, but not the kind of compulsion I advocated, and our voluntary tradition has gone by the board. And all for nothing! I am still convinced that all the men secured by the belated Military Service Bill could have been obtained by my plan of compulsory training combined with voluntary service, including even the "conscientious objectors"! The real Simon Pure could not, perhaps, be touched by any scheme; but the bogus "conscientious objector" would probably never, under my scheme, have found occasion to disclose to his comrades in arms the feelings which, he now protests, consume him.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
T. A. CREGAN, Colonel.

NATIONAL RECONSTRUCTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Thurlow, Suffolk,

11 September 1916.

SIR,—Patriotism is one of the best things in the world, but common sense is equally important, and some of us

seem to be losing this most valuable quality if we may judge by the amazing resolution passed at the Trades Union Congress demanding the "conscription of wealth".

This resolution, which was of elephantine proportions—being, indeed, almost as large as its subject—declared: "That as the manhood of the nation has been conscripted to resist foreign aggression, the maintenance of freedom, and the protection of capital, this Congress demands that such a proportion of the accumulated wealth of the country shall be immediately conscripted as is necessary to defray the financial liability incurred by the prosecution of the war, and thus avoid issuing huge loans, upon which enormous sums will have to be paid in interest by future generations, which will handicap the industries of the country in national and international competition, diminish trade, and impoverish the people"; and went on to make suggestions for looting the property-owners in the presumed interest of the wage-earners.

Surely if this war has taught us anything it has taught us that while Government can do an infinite amount of harm, it can do very little positive good. Further, it has shown us, and the world at large, that, however evil the principle of *laissez-faire* may seem to the jobbing journalist and the politician on the make, it is to *laissez-faire*, above everything, that we owe our ability to subsidise our Allies and to finance half Europe in the gigantic struggle against German militarism.

Yours faithfully,
C. F. RYDER.

THE WORLD-CHANGE OF THE WAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

9 September 1916.

SIR,—The war is preparing the foundations of a world-change. Nothing in the way of narrow or partisan interests, whether on the part of nations or individuals themselves, can arrest or in any way modify this world-change. Where such partisan interests are being fostered, no matter under what suitable disguise, there failure is already written in the light of the new advent of things. Man, indeed, is the subject of this world-change, but God—otherwise Nature's invisible source of life—is the world objective ground of this change. How puny and impotent man's self ideas and endeavours are to shape grand issues is proved by his limited vision.

Now the principle which will work this world-change in one form is absolutely allied to the principle which will work it in another form. In other words, there is no God ground for justifying this world-contest, or, for that matter, for justifying any ground of human bloodshed; but only a human ground of justification. Nevertheless there is a God ground of judgment to it, to which the human sense of justification must bend. The grand fact of this judgment is palpable and obvious; not, indeed, to the mean-minded, but to the high-minded soul of man. Germany is truly feeling the weight of it in one sense, and Great Britain in quite another sense.

The writer has chosen to isolate these two nations because they represent the two great forms of human justification. The better to understand, it must be borne in mind that it is a world-change (not, as mean-souled individuals think, a mere insular change) with which we are dealing. Such self-contained changes may, and no doubt do, appear imminent and necessary, but, as short-sighted forms of activity, they count simply as human vanities, and possess little or no commanding value. The principles which will and must count in this world-movement are those representing the two world-forms of human ordering. One of these forms constitutes Germany's strength, and fools, alone, ignore or depreciate it; and the other constitutes Great Britain's strength. Morally, that is to say, in the light of a world-sense of understanding, Great Britain and Germany, together, hold the balance of power.

Each of these nations is conscious of the other's possession of a principle which transcends human littleness,

vulgarity, and selfishness, and it is in this way that the mysterious or psychological element in man is involved. Germany's strength is as futile against the winning principle of her great foe as Great Britain's strength is as futile against the dominant principle of her great foe. We Britons know very well what our strength consists in. It is not understood by the Teuton, for our psychology mystifies him. But Germany is by no manner of means mystified by our weakness, which plays into her hands. This consists of ignorance on the part of our democracy, which is responsible for our absolutely experimental or blind system of government, dangerous enough in peace-time, but provocative of disaster in war. Germany, on the other hand, is perplexing by her national singularity, which gives no evidence of her soul. Yet there is, and must be, a spirit other than a mechanical one which fires her mighty efforts for world sovereignty; otherwise she would not be human. She has, indeed, proved herself to be heinously brutal, but she has also proved herself to be scientifically sane. If her humanity is devoid of character, her hypocrisy is on a level with the brute she imitates. It is not so with us; and, brutal as Germany is, her science gives her a reflex of our very weaknesses. For if our humanity is highly characterised, it is by no means so highly characterised for the brute parasite to be eliminated.

Great Britain's strength—past and present—has been in her strangely psychological sense of freedom, but that sense is now on its trial with a mighty force which is pregnant with no soul sense of freedom, but rather with a soul sense of absolutism.

World dominance has been at the bottom of both these grand forces; but, whereas Great Britain's ideal is for a world set free, Germany's ideal is purely characterless—servile. In each case it is the case of Might; but with Great Britain it is Might with Right, whilst with Germany it is the Might of Science alone.

What the world needs is Right and Science apart from Might.

Thus, what constitutes Germany's might is what we have got to cultivate and encourage, but not at the sacrifice of our old and world-inspiring sense of freedom, which is the Divine original source of life.

The principle which has been the mainspring of Great Britain's power and prosperity is the exact opposite of that which has been the talisman of Germany's growth.

To be carefully alive to this grand fact means insight into the supreme and overpowering issues which will follow the climax of the war.

We have our lead, sure enough, apart from human leadership. God is teaching and leading us by the very power in which we are deficient in the same way as He is teaching and leading our enemy by the force of our own grand principle. Germany's salvation depends upon the character of her defeat, ours upon the character of our victory; for might, even the might of science, which is not allied to a sense of right is doomed beforehand.

It is human littleness, ignorance, and selfishness which have led up to this stupendous climax, and in spite of the struggles of the forces engaged, it will and must be the freedom breathed of God and not the narrow schemes of man which will bring peaceful and healthful life to the world.

Woe is written upon all the vanities of man which are not imbued with a real moral order.

Where, for instance, lies the ground of real freedom? In the sense of limit or illimitability?

If in the character of forms alone, then our professional classes, who make up the responsible element, have no ground of grievance against Teutonic forms of culture, since brutality is the lowest form.

This is our lesson, socialistically and politically. We must be sound and healthy in our ideas of freedom, which should be co-operative rather than parasitic in principle.

This is our weakness, which will leave Germany unconquered even though she is defeated in the field.

Yours obediently,
H. C. DANIEL.

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IS A TREATY OF PEACE POSSIBLE?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chicago, U.S.A., 26 August 1916.

SIR,—When the war ends there must, of course, be a treaty of peace. But the Germans have proved to the world that they do not keep treaties. What, then, is to be done? What guarantee will the Allied Powers have that Germany will not, again, tear up the "scrap of paper"?

Your obedient servant,

BERTRAND SHADWELL.

THE ZEPPELIN FUNERAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

11 September 1916.

SIR,—I am so accustomed to being carried away by Sir Alfred Turner's trenchant contributions to your paper that it comes as a shock to read his letter about the Zeppelin funeral, which leaves me quite cold and unconvinced.

Sir Alfred Turner defends this remarkable function on two grounds: (1) that the War Office sanctioned it and the Royal Flying Corps approved of it; (2) that the Zeppelin crew were acting under orders from higher authority.

As regards (1) I have a great respect for the War Office, but it has been my experience that they are by no means infallible. I have in mind a certain occasion when the War Office "sanctioned" the moving of a large body of troops from the South to the North of Ireland. Luckily, however, the soldiers themselves thought otherwise, and a serious disaster was averted. I am also aware that there is a strong feeling of camaraderie amongst the airmen of all nations quite regardless of the present war, and that camaraderie is an excellent thing—within limits. But when it entails stamping hard on the corns of the British nation, who, after all, are the paymasters and indispensable supporters of the war and therefore entitled to a good deal of consideration, any such professional camaraderie seems to me bad taste, to say the least of it.

As regards (2) Sir Alfred Turner himself has persistently preached retribution for German outrages all through the war, and I have cordially agreed with him. But how is that retribution to be exacted if the plea of orders from higher authority is to be admitted as a defence? Everybody will get off except the Kaiser, and even he may have some wily Teutonic card up his sleeve to meet the emergency.

With all respect for Sir Alfred Turner's reputation and opinions as a soldier, I think that a civilian like myself is a better judge of the Zeppelin funeral affair, and I adhere to my opinion that the whole thing was a mistake—and a very risky mistake.

Yours faithfully,
C. A.

[This correspondence is closed.—ED. "S.R."]

TRUTH FROM THE SKY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12 September 1916.

SIR,—As it is our duty to use every honourable means of hastening the defeat of our enemies, why not use aircraft for the dissemination of the truth, scattered broadcast over their armies and towns where possible?

Firstly, that they were tricked by the lie that their country was in danger, proof being the absolutely unprepared state of France, England, and Russia, and that it has taken two years for us to equal them.

Secondly, that numerically in men and munitions we are rapidly gaining increasing predominance, and that ultimate defeat is certain.

Thirdly, that the longer the war lasts, the greater the destruction and loss of life on both sides, but the bigger the indemnity they may justly be called upon to pay and the greater the ultimate financial ruin of their country.

Fourthly, to remember, when they talk of England's leaky blockade, how they starved Paris in 1870-71, and then made the French pay three times the cost of the war in cash, but that this plunder they gained, although for some years it has made for Germany immense wealth and pros-

perity and the "place in the sun" desired, has ultimately proved its undoing, showing once more that, though long delayed, a Nemesis for all evil deeds is inevitable.

Fifthly, that it rests with them and them only to cleanse the name of Germany from the stains of dishonouring their own signature, the frightful atrocities and inhumanity with which they have made war. Other points, too numerous for space, will perhaps suggest themselves.

The cost of such means is so infinitesimal that, though the immediate effect be small, the possibility of ultimate harvest is reasonably certain, and "we should not be too proud" to utilise this weapon.

My evening prayer ends always—

"Turn the hearts of our enemies".

A. C. R.

PUNISHMENT DUE TO THE GERMANS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

13 September 1916.

SIR,—I was very glad indeed to read Mr. Blathwayt's letter in your issue of the 9th inst., as this is a matter that must be kept before the eyes of the country. Whatever we do after the war must, however, be done by way of punishment, and must not be antagonistic to International Law. It would not do for us who are upholders of law to be at the same time included among its breakers. Therefore I cannot agree with Mr. Blathwayt when he advocates burning property in Berlin as an offset against the lives lost by Zeppelin bombs. I do not believe that any court of jurists would sanction this, nor do I believe that killing civilians by bombs would ever be held to be murder.

The Huns, however, have been guilty of murder pure and simple—and murder is murder, whether committed in war time or during peace. The cases of Captain Fryatt, Edith Cavell, the "Lusitania", and hundreds of other cases where merchantmen, and even hospital ships, have been sunk, are unquestionably cases of murder and should be treated as such.

The reason why the matter needs pressing now is because there is a certain class of individual whose importance is in inverse ratio to the noise it makes, who will try to play the "man and a brother" game, and bring all its influence to bear upon the Government to let the Hun down as lightly as possible. If the Government could be trusted this would have very little effect, but can it with the Haldane-cum-Grey clique at its elbow? Did not Lord Grey deliberately refuse to make cotton, and lard and other fats, contraband until compelled by public opinion to do so? It would be an insult to Lord Grey's intelligence to suggest that he did not know that these materials were essential for the manufacture of high explosive. Then, again, what has Lord Grey done to counteract the lying propaganda of Germany in neutral countries? If anyone still has a doubt on this point let him read Lord Northcliffe's admirable article in to-day's (12 September) "Times". If Lord Grey has done nothing to check the inoculation of this poison, one can only suppose that he does not care. As for Lord Haldane—well, we all know our Haldane, so it would be useless to occupy your space with his peculiarities. Fortunately, however, as "A.C.R." says in another letter, the Allies will have something to say at the end of the war, and, I may add, so will the Dominions, and none of these countries are likely to take murder lying down.

It is true that we have had many brave words from the Prime Minister, but it is obvious that they have had no effect whatever in stopping murder. No good will be done until the Allies together give notice to the Germans that every murderer—from the Kaiser downwards—will, at the end of the war, be tried for murder before an International Court, and if found guilty he will suffer the death penalty; and that it shall be one of the conditions of peace that those who are suspected of murder shall be handed over to the custody of the Allies to await their trial.

By International Court I mean, of course, a Court of the Allies, as we cannot admit neutrals when we are dealing with Huns, especially as not a single neutral has

raised a little finger in protest against either the original invasion of Belgium nor against the brutalities subsequently committed. I am referring to neutral Governments and not to the peoples, some of whom, especially in America, have been as horrified at the beastliness of the Germans as we have.

I am, faithfully yours,
WILSON NOBLE.

THE MISUSE OF ENGLISH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

10 September 1916.

SIR,—May I say how much I appreciate your former "Notes on the English Language" and your article this week headed "Decimation"? There is, however, another word which, I think, is even more often wrongfully entreated, and that is "obsession". This I understand to be a technical term in theology (I have no dictionary at hand), meaning the repeated attacks of the devil or of demons on the soul, which, when successful, result in "possession". Yet of late it has been and is constantly used instead of the latter term. Even Bishop Frodsham, who, as a theologian, ought to know, uses "obsessed" where he surely means "possessed" in his delightful article on "The Magic of the Tropics" in your current issue. As for the daily journalists and the novelists, none of them thinks himself (or herself) up to date unless "obsessed" or "obsession" is in frequent use. It would seem that many English writers value words for their sound or for their novelty more than for their meaning.

Your obedient servant,
E. MUIRHEAD LITTLE.

"I DON'T THINK."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

9 September 1916.

SIR,—I fear Mr. Alcock takes too serious a view of the question of the origin of this phrase. I merely "jestingly surmised" that it had been originated by Dickens; I did not intend to write pedantically, nor to instruct your readers. As, however, it appears to me that Marcius (not Coriolanus) did not say "I do not think" the least in the modern slang sense, I am still unable to see Mr. Alcock's point.

What I meant by a "negative question or assertion" was simply a question or assertion containing the word "not", which "I don't think" in modern slang (I believe) properly follows. With this explanation I will now take leave of the subject (hardly important enough, I fear, for a "middle article") with apologies for having raised it.

Yours faithfully,
W.

LATIN HOWLERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Lavadores, Portugal,

6 September 1916.

SIR,—Adverting to recent letters in your paper on the subject of "Howlers in Latin", perhaps the following may be new to some of your readers:—

On the introduction in Paris (in March 1662, in consequence of an Edict of Louis XIV.) of the omnibus, a lady asked a man of reputed classical knowledge what was the meaning of the word. He said that he was not quite certain, but thought that it might have something to do with a hearse, because the word occurred in the "De Profundis".

I am, dear Sir,
(Professor) AL. M. CRICKS.

"INSTINCT OR INTELLECT?"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

4 September 1916.

SIR,—Years ago, at a certain ordnance dépôt, somewhere on the south coast, the commanding officer owned a little fox terrier bitch. Five days a week at one o'clock a bell was rung to summon the workmen to dinner. And five

days a week, with the first peal of the bell, a greedy little dog would dash off to the messroom to beg for scraps. On Saturday, however, although the bell rang at the usual hour, the dog never moved, for on Saturday the workmen all went home to dinner, the bell being the signal to knock off work for the day.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

R.

BIOLOGICAL NECESSITY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Yes; Dr. Chalmers Mitchell's "Evolution and the War" is most valuable, and ought to be read by all who seek to view scientifically the issues of the Great War. When peace is coming the scientific view of the new world is bound to spread more widely. The great menace of world-dominion by military conquest is happily averted for years to come, but there is some fear, or risk, that scientific opinion may join the forces of the sentimental pacifists, such as the Hon. Bertrand Russell, of "dog-fight" fame, on just this very ground of biological necessity for seven millions of Germans to expand, at the expense of others—against which Dr. Chalmers Mitchell's book is a sound antidote.

Yours, etc.,
WALTER KIDD.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

13 September 1916.

SIR,—A passage in Mr. Johnson's letter reflects the universal belief that crucifixion pierced the centre of the hands and feet. I shared this belief until I came across a translation, published in 1902 by A. Constable and Co., of a remarkable book by Paul Vignon, D.Sc. (Fr.), on "The Shroud of Christ", now at Turin. In the photographs of the shroud there reproduced, the marks of the nails are shown in the wrist and in the instep presumably. I quote from p. 40:—

"Now to come to a most important point. The nail-wound of the left hand is in the wrist, not in the centre of the palm, as demanded by tradition. In a forged relic such a parade of independence would scarcely have been tolerated. As it was, to have shown the public only one hand, and consequently only one wound, was remarkable enough. Such licences would be pardoned only in the most authentic relic. Yet anatomy proves that the nails must have been driven into the wrists, not into the hands. Here, again, tradition is contradicted."

"What would have become of the body on the cross had the nails been driven through the palms of the hands? The weight of the body would quickly have enlarged the wounds, and the ligaments at the base of the fingers would soon have given way. If, however, the nails were driven in at the wrist, there would be no chance of the wound's enlargement; indeed, the very weight of the body would throw pressure on the extremities of the metacarpal bones, which are very firmly united. It is easy to verify this experimentally. Let us take the right hand between the four fingers of the left and the thumb, pressing the thumb firmly on the back of the right hand. If we thrust our thumb-nail between the bases of the third and fourth fingers, there is no appreciable resistance. Hence the suppleness of the human hand. The metacarpal bones turn easily, the one upon the other, when laterally compressed. Let us repeat the experiment, thrusting the thumb-nail this time into the wrist. We could not separate the ligaments of the metacarpal bone here if we tried."

"Therefore on the shroud, had the wound been visible in the centre of the hand, we should think some painter had been at work, who was more mindful of tradition than of anatomy. As for the wounds in the feet, we have already dealt with the appearance of the bloodmarks at and near the heels. If the nails were really driven in here, it must have been at the instep; the wounds in the feet would then exactly correspond to those in the hands. All pictures give the feet pierced in the centre of the metatarsus, just as the

greedy little hands are given pierced in the centre of the metacarpus, but for scraps, certainly the feet would have been more solidly fastened at the usual had the nail been driven in at the instep". I shall be glad if this letter again draws attention to a very strange and fascinating book.

Yours, etc.,
H. M.

TUBERCULIN AND CONSUMPTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.
94, Park Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

SIR,—Mr. Maurice L. Johnson's letter deals with a subject of very great importance to the public. It is no exaggeration to say that the White Plague costs the world hundreds of thousands of human lives every year, not to speak of the money wasted in vain efforts to cure the disease. The Government scheme to provide sanatoria has definitely ranged consumption and its treatment in the sphere of practical politics.

As one who predicted years ago the inevitable fate which has befallen tuberculin and all other so-called cures for consumption, I may reasonably claim to know something about the subject; indeed, the theory which I have elaborated as to the real cause and cure of tuberculosis has been verified year by year to such an extent as to render it absolutely incontrovertible. This theory, as worked out in a little book devoted specially to consumption, deals with the human organism as a machine or instrument for generating energy. From this standpoint the consumptive organism is a bad energy producer, while the vigorous organism is a good energy producer. All diseases, with the exception of accidents, are regarded as due to the weakening of internal organic resistance.

The point of practical importance is to ascertain the cause which renders one human machine a good, another a bad, energy generator. To understand this, the general principle of all machines must be explained. A machine is a contrivance for transforming one mode of energy into another mode, which is desired for a particular purpose. The machine does not "create" energy in the sense of making something out of nothing. It puts out in another form what has been put into it.

So with the human machine. It puts out no more than has been put into it. A man dies if deprived of food and water, for the source of his energy production is cut off. Even more speedy and inevitable is his death if deprived for a few minutes only of the unseen source of energy—the air that surrounds it.

So far as the human organism is concerned, therefore, it must comply with certain definite conditions in order to maintain a high order of vigour. Failing these conditions Nature condemns it to premature decay and death. That is the whole story of consumption from start to finish. Ignorance is the root of all evil, and knowledge is power. The search after any "cure" in the shape of tuberculin, vaccine, serum, etc., for tuberculosis is to betray utter ignorance of the laws of Nature governing the human machine. Just as you cannot by any possibility make $2+2=5$, so you cannot by any possibility produce energy in any other way than the natural method.

The only way to cure consumption is to make the consumptive breathe more easily and more fully. In consumption there has been for years pronounced difficulty in breathing. Consequently, the organism gets weaker and weaker, year by year, when at length the ravages of the bacillus begin to be felt. Sanatorium treatment has done more for consumption than anything else, and yet sanatorium treatment is all but a failure. This is due to the fact that the doctors in charge of the sanatoria have not sufficiently studied the methods of dealing with nasal congestion and rigidity of chest, which render it impossible for the sufferer to breathe fully. An entirely new health training is required.

Yours faithfully,
ARTHUR LOVELL.

REVIEWS.
A NEW RUSSIAN LIBRARY.

"A Slav Soul, and other Stories." By Alexander Kuprin.
"The Emigrant." By L. F. Dostoieffskaya. Translated by Vera Margolies. Each with an Introduction by Stephen Graham. Constable. 5s. net each.

MR. GRAHAM is by way of becoming introducer general of Russia and Russian thoughts and ideas to this country, and not the least of the benefits he, with the aid of Messrs. Constable, has brought to the English public is the "Russian Library", to which the two volumes of our title belong. No publisher, of course, nowadays has a monopoly of Russian fiction, as our recent notice of Korolenko's stories shows; but the library under Mr. Graham's charge has been of exceptional interest as introducing writers who have as yet no reputation in England, though well known in their own country. For the average Englishman of recent years literary Russia meant Tolstoy, a fine artist spoilt by his increasing fervour of moral purpose, and Dostoieffsky, a man, indeed, of deep convictions and essential faith in the sanctification of suffering, but one who seems to move in an unrelenting milieu full of failures and disasters. The "Russian Library" presents a world which is much more normal, which enjoys the free play of fancy, and does not wrap itself in the high austerity of Tolstoy or Marcus Aurelius. We naturally suspect an author who has a design upon us and ignores the joy of life.

Kuprin is, we learn, the most popular writer in Russia after Chekhov, and if the stories here translated by Mr. Graham and his wife are, as we suppose, fairly characteristic of his manner and choice of themes, he deserves his popularity. He is by no means gloomy; he reminds us of Dickens in his love of fantastic detail and his vein of satire modified by sentimentality. Yet he, too, has a feeling of "the immensity and complexity, the incomprehensible and elemental accidentoriness of the whole hurly-burly of life". The story called "Tempting Providence" exhibits this strange logic of accident, for it reveals that irony of life which has always appealed to the artist and impressed alike Tacitus and Balzac. An official returning from afar to his family in Russia bores everybody in the train with his overflowing happiness, anticipates by numerous telegrams at stopping places the joys of meeting, and is struck down on the platform, when he does arrive, in the presence of his wife. Another brief railway scene exhibits a sudden murderer who is pestered to madness by the inferior comments and endless fuss of a prying civilisation. These two stories seem free from the "rank verbiage" ascribed to Kuprin and visible in some other examples. We can see that he is a master of effective detail, and that he writes also with ease and carelessness. That is even an advantage in these sophisticated days. He is said to be like Kipling and something like O. Henry, but he does not sharpen his points to an irritating smartness, as these writers have done. "A Slav Soul", for instance, is not a story, but a study of character, in which there is no straining for the climax. Two of the stories, "The Elephant" and "The White Poodle", are for children. The latter, with the necessary change of atmosphere, might have been penned by Dickens. The old showman, with his worn-out organ, his boy and his poodle, is quite Dickensian in his encounter with the unfeeling rich and its results. Kuprin evidently understands dogs thoroughly, and writes charmingly about them.

For sheer ingenuity and variety of theme these tales rank high, and, even so, they do not represent the hysterical and Rabelaisian elements in Kuprin of which Mr. Graham speaks. The pathos of middle age suddenly drawn back, by a chance encounter, to the blossoming time of love; the strange, haunting effect of a tune; the half-maudlin pathos of a favourite actor winning his last applause on the stage, and matched to his discredit with rising talent; a flogging machine, in which the inventor gets inextricably mixed up and

heavily thwacked—all these are vividly exhibited. The feudal lord with large wealth and unquestioning obedience among his servants seems a figure ages old in this country, yet natural in Russia, and this is one of the many things which lend picturesqueness to Russian stories. The divisions in Russian society seem much wider than ours, and the whole people wear less of the disguises of civilisation.

Yet the better-educated society of Russia, which talks French easily and is never short of money, has the problems of discontent and dissatisfaction with the world in as poignant a form as any modern product of the age. Dostoevsky deals incessantly with tortured souls, and his daughter shows her descent by picturing yet another in "The Emigrant". Irene, a rich girl of thirty, leaves her country in disgust at the result of the war with Japan, and seeks in Rome the attractions of vivid colour, archæology, Catholicism subtle, severe, or witty, and gay society. The book is leisurately and full of the heroine's imaginations and reflections. With high ideals and purity of life she combines the sins of selfishness and self-righteousness. She has read a good deal, but done nothing. She is neither a pagan nor a Christian, but halts on the way to any stable views, a remarkable figure of indecision. She flirts with the idea of becoming a nun, and is almost persuaded, when a highly eligible Russian Prince exerts a deterrent influence. Finally, with his view that there are no saints and no sinners, but only the sick and the healthy, he wins the battle for her against the priests, carries her off to Monte Carlo, and seems likely to make her contented, if such a self-torturing creature ever could be at peace with herself and the world. But the end is tragic.

The writer's analysis, when it concerns history and religion, is occasionally superficial, but her modern types are cleverly hit off, and Irene is subtly conceived, while her lover's dissipation of her faint halo of Catholicism is an admirable piece of special pleading. Incidentally we get a terribly depressing picture of Russian society and religion which, Mr. Graham hints, is somewhat exaggerated:

"Irene reflected with some bitterness that only in Russia is the guardianship of religion left in the hands of grasping peasants. The very name of a seminarist is connected, in Russia, with the idea of coarseness."

This is severe, but equally so are the heroine's reflections on Russian society:

"With the exception of a very limited circle of people educated in the European fashion, all the rest of Russian society is nothing but a crowd of ignorant, lazy, uncivilised bears, who spend all their lives lying half-asleep in their dens, and sucking their paws."

This was written in 1913, before the war came with its wonderful animation of all classes to a national aim, and is, of course, the cry of exacerbated nerves, of a woman who has thwarted her natural development. The main tragedy with the heroine is that her self-control only increases her selfishness. She has much of the Pharisee, and far too little of the Good Samaritan about her. Would she have been happy if she had returned to Russia? Hardly, we think, unless some great revolution had occurred in her nature. She is like one of Gissing's Odd Women, without their hampering reasons for loneliness.

CÆDMON AND HIS SCHOOL.

"The Cædmon Poems." Translated into English Prose by Charles W. Kennedy. Routledge. 6s. net.

CÆDMON poems, but not, with one exception, Cædmon's. Bede has preserved for us his simple yet moving story: how the lay-brother, who would quit the feast when the harp came towards him, because he could not sing; was bidden by one that stood beside him in his sleep to sing the beginning of created things; how, thereupon, the gift of song was vouchsafed to him, and how he took monastic vows and rose to great honour in the monastery of Whitby.

He sang, Bede tells us, not the creation only, but all the history of Genesis and of Israel, and all that is recorded in the New Testament, together with "many songs concerning the terror of future judgment, the horror of the pains of hell, and the joys of heaven". Yet only his first hymn, a brief one, has survived. It affords material in this book for the first of Mr. Kennedy's versions.

The seventeenth century, however, believed that it had recaptured Cædmon. It bestowed the name "Cædmon's Paraphrase" on a collection of manuscript Anglo-Saxon poetry discovered by Archbishop Usher in 1630, and by him bestowed on a scholar of the day, one Francis Dujon, or Junius, who printed an edition of it at Amsterdam. The belief was natural enough when the names of the several poems—"Genesis", "Exodus", "Daniel", and "Christ and Satan"—are considered. But criticism gradually arrived at the conclusion that none of them can be attributed to Cædmon, nor all of them to any one author. The various opinions which have been held are discussed very fully by Mr. Kennedy in his introduction. Whoever the authors may have been, the poems remain as a curious, interesting, and occasionally beautiful reflection of the mind of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers upon this world and the next. "Genesis", moreover, may have been one of the subsidiary sources of Milton's "Paradise Lost". This is a minor controversy, upon which much ink has been shed. The "Satan" of "Genesis" is not less a titanic figure than the "Satan" of Milton's first two books, and anyone who knows "Paradise Lost" cannot fail to be struck, on first reading "Genesis", by certain coincidences both of thought and phrase. It is chronologically possible, and intrinsically probable, that Milton acquainted himself with the contents of the Archbishop's "find", as well as with Du Bartas's "Week of Creation" and the "Lucifer" and "L'Adamo" of other writers. What he took, needless to say, he made his own, just as Shakespeare did. One's pleasure in reading "Genesis" is enhanced, at any rate, by the fact that its author's description of the fallen angels and of their "home which was devoid of light and filled with fire"—

"Yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible"—

sends back the musing spirit to Milton's mighty and triumphant lines.

After "Genesis", "Exodus". This is the most individual of the Cædmon poems. Its writer would seem to be no lowly lay-brother, but, as Mr. Kennedy remarks, a warrior who once, at least, had "drunk delight of battle with his peers". The spirit of Scandinavian sagas broods over the departure of the Israelites and the overwhelming of their adversaries. The extent to which the author embroidered the Biblical story may be judged by his description of the host of Pharaoh. "Their spears were in array, shields gleamed, and trumpets sang; the battle line rolled on. Over dead bodies circling screamed the birds of battle, dewy-feathered, greedy for war, dark carrion-lovers. In hope of food the wolves, remorseless beasts of slaughter, sang a grim evening song; dogging the march of the foe, they abode the coming of death; the march-warders howled in the midnight." Surely there is poetic inspiration here, as also in "The Harrowing of Hell", a poet's version of Christ's visit "to the spirits in prison", and of their rescue.

We may well be grateful to Mr. Kennedy for his labour of love. All poetry loses, inevitably, by translation, and even poetic prose is prose still; but few of us can read these poems in the original, and a rendering of them in sound and sympathetic English is no small gain to literature. We can help the translator's purpose, and ourselves, by adding to his work a touch of our own imagination. We may picture the dimly lighted hall, where thanes and churls are seated at the board. Hunger is satisfied, the plates are pushed aside, the beakers refilled. At an ebb in the talk one

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...rises and strikes a few chords upon his harp. All fix their eyes upon him. Then, while the winter wind rages without, dashing the waves in roaring upon Northumbrian rocks, the minstrel breaks forth into a strain hardly less wild and swelling. He sings of the greatness and the judgments of God, of heaven and of hell. He steals his hearers' thoughts from the triumphs of the chase, from the labours of the field and of the sea. He holds them enthralled. He raises them above the world of sense, filling them with a consciousness, vivid in some cases, dim in others, "that they are greater than they know". For that has been, and is, poetry's true function in all ages and in every tongue.

ECONOMISTS ON MORALITY.

"Second Thoughts of an Economist." By William Smart. Macmillan. 5s. net.

"Economic Moralism." By James Haldane Smith. George Allen & Unwin. 5s. net.

WILLIAM SMART, for many years Professor of Political Economy in the University of Glasgow, was in his early life a disciple and friend of Ruskin. His father had a large business in Glasgow, and he early went into this business; then resumed an interrupted University education, and, to the astonishment and dismay of Ruskin, began teaching orthodox economics, but continuing to be a partner in business, and engaging in it practically. He was prominent in many of the municipal undertakings for which Glasgow was famous, he worked on Parliamentary Committees, wrote books and pamphlets on live questions of industrial and social economics, and brought a trained mind and a desire to do good to the consideration of these questions.

His last book lies before us. He had spent his life teaching economics, as he might have taught anatomy and physiology—as the actual system of all modern societies, taking it as so given, and analysing its workings and results. Then the Ruskin influence re-asserted itself, and he began to write this book, reflecting on economics, and the principle of competition and individualism on which business is founded, from the point of view of morality and other human ideals not of the economic order. These are his second thoughts. They are not revolutionary, socialistic, communistic, or anything of that sort. He is pallidly Ruskinesque, and the landlord, the rentier, or Adam Smith's "undertaker", the "profit-monger" of the later vocabularies, may read him with the rather pleasant feeling that they form part of a system which, with all its vices and defects, on the whole produces more good than harm—which is Smart's conclusion; and, after all, what better can be said of any of our institutions?

He dwells on two particularly attractive ideas. He thought his own life the very beau idéal of what a man's occupation should be to him—and no wonder, for he was a Scottish professor. He was sorry, as we all ought to be, for those whose lives are thwarted by their necessary occupations.

Then there were the next-favoured individuals, the members of the professions, whose theory is that they are the servants of the public, and that their reason for existing is not foremost to make money. Now, really, he thought that the employers had a far more important rôle than even these, and that their clientèle of workmen was second to none. Employing, in his

view, ought to be a profession; but, unfortunately, with some exceptions, as a rule employers have not yet grasped this idea. Professor Smart is never rude to employers; he is very persuasive; he knew a great deal about their difficulties; he saw that many of these would remain, even if the State took over their functions; and, in short, it is well worth knowing what he thinks about them.

And now we turn to another conception of morality—Mr. Haldane Smith's—and a queer conception it is. If he is right, Professor Smart was a driveller, and we are all thieves together—landlords, interest receivers, usurers, Mr. Haldane Smith so calls even us who have but a simple Post Office deposit book, and the man who puts capital into business and makes, or fails to make, a profit. We are all robbing each other right and left; the only difference is that some of us have more opportunities of doing it than others, and the only possibility of making any approach to a moral society is to abolish private property, interest receiving, and profit making.

This sort of thing, of course, does not shock any of us in the least; it has been popularised to such an extent. The reader will say at once, Socialism. But it is not; it is Economic Moralism; and Mr. Haldane Smith, its presumable inventor, will be deeply hurt if it is supposed to be Socialism. He points out many grievous errors of Socialism; it is drifting towards Communism, and this is fatal to the true principles of morality and the well-being of society. For example, Socialists would have us all riding on the trams and railways without paying our fares, and those who did not use the trams and the railways would have to pay for those who did; or they would have the State educate all children, everybody having thus to pay for other people's families, whether they happened to have children of their own or not. Mr. Haldane Smith is exceedingly indignant at this imposition on the childless, and the bachelor tax will have in him an opponent to the death in the name of Economic Moralism. For Economic Moralism requires—and this is its distinction from Socialism—that everybody should pay only for what he uses, and not for what other people use.

Economic Moralism looks very much like a heresy from socialistic orthodoxy. One feature of a heresiarch is that he is bolder than the orthodox; and Mr. Haldane Smith doggedly constructs a society of the future, its forms of industry, distribution of produce, its system of book-keeping, the institution of guilds, and so on, with more than the particularity of Bellamy or Wells or Butler, and, we must say, with an entire absence of the charm and novelty of their fantasies. We thought these constructions of such societies in the clouds had ceased amongst the would-be destroyers of the society in possession. The Socialists, at any rate, have dropped these essays in imagination. They have said that a man is a fool who busies himself in these constructions; but Mr. Haldane Smith has not thereby been deterred. Nor can we say we think it is wise of him to elaborate Economic Moralism. It is very creditable of him to think so hard; but he cannot make Economic Moralism intelligible. If an early Christian with prophetic eye, foreseeing the future of the Church, had expatiated to the heathen on the management of monasteries, or the administration of the common law of the courts Christian, he would have bored them and put them off Christianity. So we can bear a certain amount of Economic Moralism, more or less, but the finished product lacks actuality, and fails to impress. Worse still, the process would be so painful—teste Mr. Haldane Smith himself—that the working classes would resist—they are so slavish!

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AN AMERICAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

"With the French in France and Salonika." By Richard Harding Davis. Duckworth. 3s. 6d. net.

SOME of the books published by American writers recently give the impression of men out to "do the war", just as, in other days, certain American globe-trotters were out to "do Europe". They seem to suggest that the war is a kind of show, arranged for their special benefit, and they may be observed applauding the brilliant performance of now this side and now that with the enthusiasm of the dispassionate spectator.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis is not that kind of man nor that kind of writer. He is heart and soul in the war, but not as a disinterested observer. He has views, and very strong views, and he expresses them forcibly and uncompromisingly. As a lover of his country he deplores bitterly the loss of prestige incurred by America in its "Too proud to fight" attitude. In France to-day Americans are regarded not with hostility, but "with amazed contempt", and all over the world it is the same. He rates his country soundly for its failure to realise the true situation. The Allies are fighting the American's fight, and "their success will later save him, unprepared as he is to defend himself, from a humiliating and terrible thrashing". Nor will he have it that America is really helping the cause by supplying France and the Allies with munitions. This is, he points out, merely business. "We are not losing much money by it." And he pours out the vials of his indignation against certain American manufacturers and contractors who have been supplying worthless goods, and instances the case of an order for 60,000 pairs of shoes when it was found that part of each shoe was made of brown paper.

All this is excellent; but when he comes to military questions he is not on such safe ground, and we are not prepared to follow him unreservedly when he condemns the policy of the Allies in scattering their forces overseas, and Great Britain especially in supporting armies in Egypt, German East Africa, Salonika, and Mesopotamia. However desirable it may appear, it would, we believe, have been impossible to concentrate all the fighting in Europe.

On another matter Mr. Richard Harding Davis holds decided views. His sympathies are with King Constantine in his desire for neutrality, and he is concerned to defend Greece against the accusations of treachery that have been brought against her. The King was willing to aid the Allies in an attack upon the Dardanelles if they brought to the assault 40,000 men. They claim that he failed them. "He did fail them, but not until after they had failed him by bringing thousands of men instead of the tens of thousands he knew were needed." In his championship of King Constantine, who, he insists, is not pro-German, but pro-Greece, Mr. Davis falls foul of Venizelos. "It is difficult", he writes, "to disassociate what Venizelos wants for Greece with what he wants for Venizelos", and "there are many who believe if the terms upon which Greece might join the Allies had been left to the King, instead of to Venizelos, Greece now would be with the Entente."

Whatever may be the truth or falsity of these outspoken opinions, they are interesting as coming from an American whose avowed sympathies are with the Allies. But whilst Mr. Davis does not hesitate to express his opinions about matters upon which he feels deeply, his book is also a vivid record of things seen in his tour of the French lines. He writes of the bombardment and destruction of Arras, of the mud trenches of Artois, of the fighting in Argonne, of the rapid recovery of France after her invasion, of the retreat of the Allies in Serbia, and the landing of reinforcements at Salonika. And all the variegated life he describes with freshness and vigour.

LATEST BOOKS.

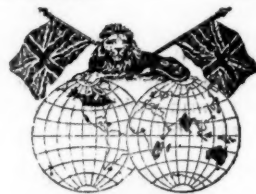
"The War for the World." By Israel Zangwill. Heinemann. 4s. net.

In none of these brilliant essays on the war is there a point of view which would be heartily endorsed by any section of public opinion as its official own. Mr. Zangwill anticipates, and placates, a probable resentment for a certain apologetic treatment of Germany by showing, in a long and elaborate introduction, how for years before the war he had been what he calls an obdurate anti-German. But he is not content with the plain statement of fact. He loves the method of the paradox, and he gyrates with ingenuity, and wit, and humour round the proposition that it is the most obvious anti-Germans who are pro-Germans, and that it is necessary for himself to offer an apology for not being a pro-German. He will not allow anyone but himself to say a word in mitigation of the militarism of Germany, its political system, its lawlessness and insane ambition, its brutal and abominable plot against humanity. On these he has enough to say to satisfy the most exigent anti-German. He is embarrassed, however, in saying some things of Germany by his feelings as an ardent Jewish patriot towards Russia. Yet, in the introduction, which was written later than these reprinted articles, are two passages referring to the Russian alliance, one of which is ironical, the other, it may be, serious. The serious one is this: "If we are old and tired, disappointed of democracy, and blasé in freedom, Russia comes to the eternal quest of liberty with a young hope, an unjaded enthusiasm, a burning thirst, and an idyllic inexperience. Thus it is that Russia will drag us up, and in the ardour of the ever-developing Duma our faded Parliament will renew its youth."

Mr. Zangwill is an anti-militarist who does not shirk the philosophy of war. In the essay on "The Next War" he says: "Even if there were no other causes of war, the historic and romantic tradition would suffice to kindle it. No generation likes to die without seeing this famous thing—war—with its own eyes. Every generation must have its war, and so the latest date for 'the next war' is fixed by the life of the generation now being born." He is a Pacifist who can say that "The Pacific Pacifists are bad for the temper"; and so, though in every essay every reader will find something dogmatically assaulting his own entrenched position, we name "Arms and the Man", "The Ruined Romantics", "The Gods of Germany", "Militarism, British and Prussian", "The Model Monster", "Some Apologists for Germany", "The Military Pacifists", and "The Absurd Side of Alliances" as deeply interesting at the present moment.

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Mr. Fry has not the art of omission which reveals the literary artist, and makes too much of details. He certainly worked very hard to raise the English church in Boulogne, and had many obstacles to face. One of them was Temple's objection to the assistance of a bookmaker who did much for the church. Mr. Fry got out of a man who libelled him 300 francs for the Building Fund. The church was consecrated in 1895, after seven years of strenuous effort, and in the same year Mr. Fry moved to Berlin. His views of the normal life there are interesting, much more so than the accounts of various ceremonies and great occasions. We learn that Queen Victoria once said to another Chaplain at Baden: "Instead of preaching your own sermon, I wish you to read the marked extract from this book". High-handed, but characteristic of Victoria.

"Trooper Bluegum at the Dardanelles." By Oliver Hogue. Melrose. 3s. 6d. net.

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"A Glossary of Botanic Terms with their Derivation and Accent." By Benjamin Daydon Jackson. Duckworth. 7s. 6d. net.

We welcome a new issue, revised and enlarged, of Dr. Jackson's guide to the technicalities of botany. A main difficulty with the amateur is the understanding of the hard words which he finds in descriptions, and, as they are largely Latin or Greek in origin, he does not easily see what they mean or how they should be pronounced. Derivations in this guide are briefly and clearly stated. Such a word as "Ecology" might not be clear even to a classical scholar, as it has dropped its proper spelling. In this department of botany several new terms have gained currency. Looking through the volume, we are struck with the thorough and trustworthy quality of Dr. Jackson's survey.

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"How to Summarise, Expand or Recast": Extracts in Prose and Verse. By J. C. Nesfield. 2s.

Long known to us as a sound grammarian, Mr. Nesfield has done a very useful work in publishing this little book. It is a contribution towards that lucidity of statement which is often wanting in English writing. The student is warned that more than one reading is necessary for a good précis, and that the main sense should be grasped before trouble is taken with the words which express it.

The advice on the "unity" of a sentence, which ought to express one main idea as fact, and not more than one, is sound, but not so pertinent nowadays as it used to be. Short sentences, since Mr. Kipling came to the front, have been overdone. Good, clear, unaffected English is an ideal that every writer, young or old, ought to set before himself, and Mr. Nesfield's copious supply of examples with judicious notes should enable young examinees to pass their tests satisfactorily. It should also do something more: it should put them in the way to appreciate the merits of good style, and reduce the present slipshod standard of writing. The Scotch examination papers strike us as particularly good. One, for instance, asks for a version in simple language of an incident which is told in verse by Scott and Campbell with different touches.

"An Elementary Textbook of Psychology, specially arranged for Teachers in Training." By W. H. Spikes. Blackie. 2s. 6d. net.

The study of psychology is so recent and so much involved in technical terms which appeal only to the specialist that it is rather a surprise to find the subject reduced to its elements for practical use. This little book, however, is really a manual for teachers, and has a practical aim which is often wanting among the speculations of those who study mind. Susceptibility to sense-perception, ideomotor imitation, and similar phrases are only the psychological formulas for familiar facts. Mr. Spikes is a clear, but occasionally clumsy writer; but his conclusions are sensible, and he is not the slave of any particular doctrine. He points out that it is a mistake to consider the Montessori method, the Heuristic, and that of Formal Steps as irreconcilable. Teachers and children can learn something from all of them. The study of "Attention and Interest" and

"Fatigue" is particularly important, and we note that memory takes different forms in different children. One child may easily visualise what another will acquire more readily through auditory memory, and we do not see why one should be sacrificed at the expense of the other. Regarding fatigability, we are glad to find that a greater amount of rest is put forward as desirable.

"It would be better to follow the example of another country in this respect, and to allow a break of a quarter of an hour after each forty-five minutes of work, even if this necessitated a longer morning session. A longer midday break than is usually allotted would also be desirable."

This is good sense, which does not depend on modern measurements of fatigue. Adults have long discovered that work of any sort is lightened by dividing it. An animal does not overstrain itself, but man does, and this is one of the chief penalties of brains. It is folly to expect of evening schools, after a day's work, the efficiency shown by scholars who are fresh.

Psychology supports the claims of mechanical memory, which have of late years been widely disputed. Merely as a means of securing resolute attention such exercises, however mechanical, have their value. We have seen a child who had really exceptional powers in this way affirm through mere laziness his total inability to learn. He was forced to memorise, and shortly had to move up two forms at once because he was so far ahead of his competitors. We state this case in common language. Mr. Spikes, in his psychological way, finds the utility of mechanical memory in apperception masses become familiar, and the increased presentative activity of ideas and idea-sequences. Of course, memory should not remain mechanical, and it does naturally, as the author remarks, become judicial, when proper attention has been paid to its mechanical exercise.

We are not sure that we agree with all that is said concerning observation, which in any high degree is so rare that any form of it ought to be encouraged. At any rate, we can applaud the honesty which recognises that "reading and writing are unnatural occupations for the young child". Regarding religious instruction for such children Mr. Spikes is severe. He thinks it "not surprising that the results are mainly negative, since the methods adopted defy the laws of Psychology from the very outset. The Bible stories usually treated demand a much wider experience of life than the young child possesses or can acquire".

If this sweeping judgment is correct, the fault lies with the mother of the child, perhaps, more than with the teacher.

"Practical Mathematics for Technical Students." Part II. By T. I. Usherwood and C. J. A. Trimble. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

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"A Junior Chemistry." By W. Willing. Blackie. 2s. 6d.

In this volume theory is reduced to a minimum—in fact, the atomic theory and the use of equations are not introduced until Chapter XXVI. We should not have thought that an intelligent boy would find any difficulty in grasping at the outset the abbreviations of the elements and the principle of equations, which, after all, are only simple algebra. There is, too, a gain in brevity when you can put O for oxygen, and—for "take away". The author practically comes to equations (e.g., on p. 216) before he explains them. Still, we dare say that we are old-fashioned, for we learn that many teachers believe in the method adopted here. The various experiments are neatly illustrated by diagrams, and we are glad to see that a few notes are added as to the occurrence or value of the substances which are used for them.

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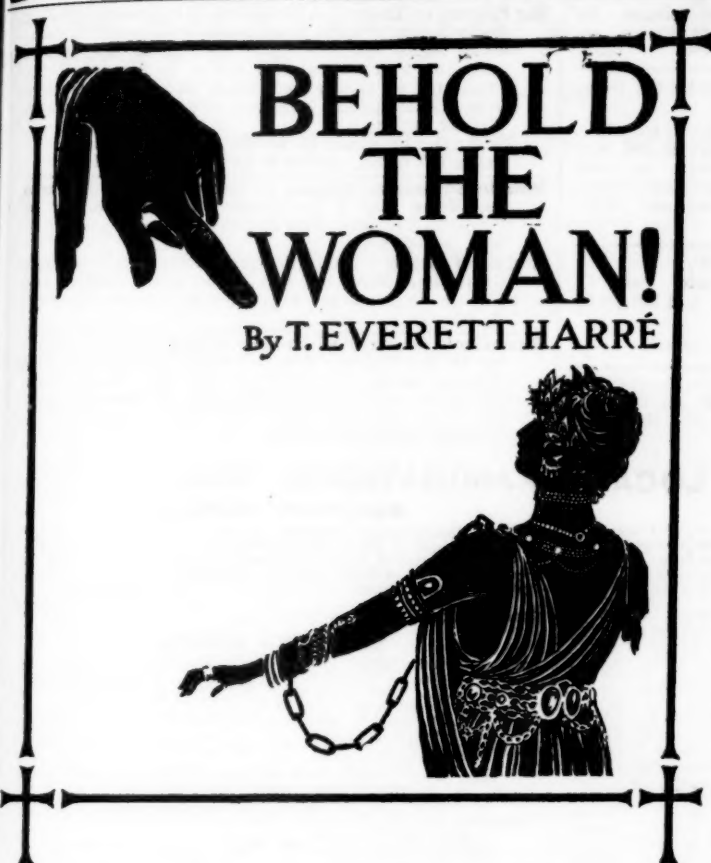
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